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Without Concealment----Without Compromise.

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Communications.

LETTER FROM E. F. MAINE.

To the Editor of the Standard:

WEST WALWORTH, February, 9, 1847.

RESPECTED SIR:—I beg the privilege of having some corrections inserted in the columns of the Standard in reference to the communication from this place with the signature of E. H. which was published in the thirty-sixth number of the present volume. And as corrections are always in order, I trust you will have the goodness to comply with my request. I do not wish to charge any one with having a design to misrepresent; but I must say that certain statements in that communication were incorrect. I thinkit proper in all cases where we publish anything concerning an identified individual that is calculated to leave an unfavourable impression on the minds of community concerning him, that we give, as authors, our full names, and not the initials only. As E. H. are the initials of the names of numerous individuals in our neighbourhood, I should be unable to ascertain from the signature the author. But in this case the author was quickly known, for her relatives, proud of her transcendent genius, immediately declared her to be the originator of the great work.

As the writer was a female I wish to be favourable in my statements, and say nothing that will sour the finer feelings of the gentle sex, but merely to correct her erroneous assertions.

The first incorrect statement is, that in the evening a request was made for free discussion, which was granted by our friends. The truth is, no one asked for free discussion that evening; but Mr. Hathaway, on the first day of the meeting, gave notice that the meeting was for free discussion. Then Mr. Remond invited all that were for the Constitution to be present and defend it, for it would be handled roughly. So that it was rather a challenge on their part and not a request on ours. So the erroneous statement of Mrs. H. in regard to the commencing the debate must necessarily change the aspect of the whole procedure. For if they came here with the design to hold an abolition Convention, and to speak without interruption or opposition from any one, Mr. Palmer and myself might have been considered as out of place. But being invited and challenged as we were to oppose them, I considered it right to accept the challenge. If they desired free discussion we certainly should have *benevolence enough to condescend* to grant them their request. The meeting was probably more interesting and instructing than it would otherwise have been. This was plainly shown by the increase of the audience during the session. Particular stress is placed by Mrs. H. on the remarks made by me on the last day of the meeting, in reply to Mr. Hathaway, in regard to the Baptist Church being pro-slavery. Here the lady (if I can call her such) has misrepresented me in a woeful manner. She has told a part of my speech and omitted the rest, and in its place inserted things I never said. It is apparent that Mrs. H. wishes to elevate Mr. Hathaway to the stars and trample me to the dust. She walks over this field of discussion as sidewise as the crab upon the seashore. Every line of that communication shows it. She speaks of the bitter manner in which I replied to Mr. Hathaway's remarks about our pro-slavery churches and slaveholding priests. To this I would say, that it was probably more bitter as I had a bitter text: for as I was about to arise and speak, Mr. Remond said as I was in the habit of speaking from a text: he would give me one. The text was this: "The priests at the North, as a body, are pro-slavery, slaveholders, men-stealers, murderers, infidels, and the biggest rascals on earth." Whether the sermon was more severe than the text I leave the world to judge. Again she accuses me of calling them all names &c. I do not wish to speak diminutively of the gentlemen, but I would ask Mrs. H. if I called them as hard names as they did me? I was called a *rascal*, a person that would creep on all-fours to Slavery, a *slaveholder*, and frequently during the meeting, the *dough-faced high-priest*, &c. But the grossest misrepresentation of Mrs. H. is, that I said I would rather be called a demon from the dark Tartareous climes of Hell than an Abolitionist. Why does she stop in the middle of the sentence and omit the rest? This is surely unkind.

I will here state what the remark was that I made. *If these are the principles of Abolitionists never again call me an Abolitionist. I would rather be ranked with the demons of Tartarus than with such Abolitionists, for I perceive the great object is to sever and destroy churches.*

Perhaps this was rather a severe remark, but I think no more so than the occasion demanded.

I liked the remarks of Mr. Hathaway on the Constitution of the United States, and perfectly agree with him as to its being a pro-slavery document. I agree with him as to the evils of Slavery, &c. But his remarks against the churches I considered unjust. But I sincerely believe that he did not intend to give a wrong statement concerning the Baptist churches at the North being connected with those at the South, as we were thus connected until the year 1845, when the union between us was forever dissolved, and thus our communion tables, our pulpits, our missionary treasury, &c. are free from the curse Slavery and its apologists. This separation Mr. Hathaway was ignorant of until I informed him. So I do not charge him with dishonesty or intended misrepresentation.

There are other errors in the communication of Mrs. H. But lest I weary the printer I will omit them. As we love our reputation—as a good name is as dear to us as life, we should be careful how we touch the conduct and character of another. I do not profess to be perfect, but I am unwilling to own that I conducted in so unchristian-like manner in that discussion as Mrs. H. states. I am willing that all I said and did should be published to the world, and I am willing to meet it at the judgment day. But to be held up before a gazing world, as I have been by Mrs. H. with that undeserved stain on my character, I cannot submit to it without correcting her false statements. And I would advise her to endeavour for the future to know the whole truth before she tries to publish it to the world. And never seek to raise up a friend on the downfall of his opponent. And instead of calling for woe to the citizens of West Walworth, may she read the Bible and examine the passage which says, "Vengeance is mine, I will repay saith the Lord."

E. F. MAINE.

THE WINDHAM COUNTY ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

This old organization held a Convention at Hampton on Wednesday, February 10th, amid sleet and snow. The weather was so unfavourable that but few came, and in addition to the inclemency of the weather, we were much inconvenienced and delayed from the appointment of a funeral in the place we were to occupy. Who was to blame for this blunder, I do not know. At a late hour we, however, entered upon the business for which we had assembled.

The meeting was opened by prayer, by Rev. Mr. Crier, of the Wesleyan Church; when the following resolutions were offered for discussion:

1. Resolved, That we view, with increasing abhorrence, the war against Mexico, in which the country has involved itself; that we regard it as wicked and dishonourable in the last degree;—because waged against a sister republic, rendered weak by internal divisions; because waged under false pretences put forth by its immediate authors; and because waged, in reality, (as now admitted by the South generally,) for the purpose of wresting territory from Mexico to be annexed to this Union, and converted into slave States.

2. Resolved, That as men, who have inherited from their ancestors sentiments of universal liberty, and therefore as bound to protest against all that sustains Slavery, we demand the cessation of this slaveholder's war upon Mexico, and we call upon the national authorities to withdraw the United States troops from the soil of Mexico.

3. Resolved, That we invite and urgently entreat all our fellow-citizens, in such way as seems to them best, to lift their voices, and that without delay, against the longer continuance of the war with Mexico.

4. Resolved, That as Abolitionists we rejoice in the rising tide of anti-slavery sentiment, as clearly manifested in the late action of the Legislatures of Pennsylvania, Ohio, and New-York, in the striking political changes in New Hampshire and Maine, and in multiplied testimonies of public bodies and of individuals not only in Northern but in Southern States;—that we see, in them, the signs of the approaching day of anti-slavery triumph—signs of an awakened conscience and courage, which shall, ere long, demand the overthrow of the present slaveholding Union, and the establishment of a Government based on God's eternal laws of Justice and Freedom.

5. Resolved, That we cannot regard the charge of infidelity, brought against abolitionists by churches and ministers who hold religious fellowship with men-stealers, as a charge worthy of refutation. We rejoice to appeal to a higher authority, even to that which has declared that "every *tree* shall be known by its *fruits*."

Among those participating in the discussion of these resolutions, were Rev. Samuel May, of Massachusetts, Warren Clarke, of Windham, and Chauncy Morse, of Canterbury.

Pending the discussion of the above resolutions, the meeting adjourned to meet at 6 o'clock, p. m.

EVENING SESSION.—Met according to adjournment. In absence of Judge Sharpe, President, Charles L. Fiske, one of the Vice Presidents, took the chair.

The meeting having come to order, the throne of grace was addressed by Rev. William Barnes.

During the evening, that part of the fourth resolution which relates to the pro-slavery character of the Constitution, was fully discussed by Deacon Bowers, of Hampton, Samuel May, of Massachusetts, Rev. W. Barnes, Joel Fox and Philip Pearl, Esq and Chauncy Morse, of Canterbury.

On motion of Philip Pearl, Esq. the series of resolutions on the Mexican war was *adopted by a unanimous vote of the meeting*, not only by the society but all present. No action was had on the other resolutions.

At half-past eight, p. m. adjourned to meet in Brooklyn, some time in the month of March.

Our meeting was short, and held under very unfavourable circumstances, but will not be without its good results. As an index of public sentiment in this State, in relation to the Mexican war, it will have its uses.

L. BURLEIGH, *Sec'y.*

A COMMON-SENSE SUPPOSITION.

Suppose the Government of the United States, instead of involving this country into an unprovoked and barbarous war with a sister Republic, as it has done, for the increase, extension, and perpetuation of human-chattel slavery, and the slave power, had pursued the opposite course, and made the appropriation of the HUNDRED MILLIONS OF DOLLARS, (*which it has already spent in the present war with Mexico,*) for humane purposes—say one-half for the benefit of the suffering poor and oppressed of this country, and the other half for our suffering friends in the mother-coungtry;—what human intellect, or angel wisdom, would have been competent to survey the amount of good it would have done (*judiciously applied*) in relieving the woes and sufferings of our distressed fellow-creatures at the present and in future time?

Instead of sending out recruiting officers and scouring the country from Canada to Tamulipas, collecting by diabolical means the thoughtless, homeless, friendless, unguarded, and ignorant, with the most vicious and desperate that could be found in all the land, to participate in wholesale murder in a foreign country, for the paltry sum of seven or eight dollars per month, suppose the Government had made something like the following appropriations:

Fifteen millions of dollars for the removal of American chattel slavery in the United States.

Five millions in land for the landless people of the United States.*

Ten millions in aiding the settling, and improving their lands. And,

Twenty millions for the support of those who are incompetent to support themselves, and to provide means for aiding such as have not the means to provide themselves and their children with an ordinary education, &c.

And the other fifty millions for the cause of suffering humanity on the other side the water, where it is so much needed at the present time, in those *famine stricken* countries, where pining want and its attendant consequences are strewing disease, starvation, and horrid deaths far and wide.

In the first named instance, the fifteen millions of dollars (*judiciously expended*) in the Anti-Slavery cause, would, without doubt, in less than ten years, have *driven American chattel slavery* from the American soil. And its victims, possessing a legal right to themselves, their children and wives; and having lands to cultivate and improve for their own, as well as other's benefit; stimulated by the prospect of enjoying the products of their own labour and industry, instead of the fear of the driver's bloody-lash; would have achieved a glorious victory in the cause of social, civil, and religious freedom; a deed which the present and coming generations would delight to commemorate with joy and pride.

And in the other instances the ignorant would be in a way of getting knowledge, the simple, wisdom, the poor industrious of acquiring means of subsistence, and the down-cast, famishing, and starving poor from abroad, would, as a natural consequence, be induced thereby to send up a spontaneous thanksgiving to the *great spirit* that moved the heart of the American people to practically "preach the Gospel to the poor; to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind; to set at liberty them that are bound." Yes, the United States would have acquired a name and a power more potent than it ever could by the aid of military conquest under the most successful or prosperous circumstances.

But instead of protecting the weak, inoffensive, and helpless in the United States, the Government is straining every nerve to crush their lingering, surviving hopes. Instead of undoing the heavy burdens and letting the oppressed go free, it is stretching its physical and intellectual abilities to increase the victims of its heartless usurpation in riveting their chains tighter and tighter. Instead of administering to the naked, starving, and dying thousands of Ireland, (caused by famine and oppression,) this Government is wringing from the hard earnings of the working classes, millions of dollars to support a band of villains to contrive plans for the destruction of human lives, and to multiply widows and orphan children by scores and hundreds in the *United States* and *Mexico*.

Instead of sending our ships loaded with clothing and food to our famishing brothers and sisters in Europe, we are sending them loaded with murderers and murderous implements into the heart of Mexico, to commit robbery, rapine, and murder, by the wholesale, upon a feeble people who have never given us cause of complaint; and to establish there the accursed system of woman-whipping, and baby-stealing. And this all goes down for democracy and Christianity, adopted, christened, and baptized by the AMERICAN CHURCH AND GOVERNMENT, and sustained by the people of the UNITED STATES. Is that a glorious Union? Proud if ever delivered.

JONATHAN WALKER.

Plymouth, February 20, 1847.

* The land does properly belong to the people, and the Government has no just claim to it, or right to deprive the people from enjoying it.

ALGERINE SLAVERY.

NEW BEDFORD, 22d Feb. 1847.

DEAR GAY:—Last evening, the few whom the storm permitted to attend, (for, be it known to you, that we have been having a snow-storm, the like of which hath not occurred,—not exactly within the memory of the oldest inhabitant, but—for fifteen years,) listened with much pleasure, to a lecture from Charles Sumner, on *Algerine* Slavery. "Mutato nomine de te fabula narratur," I presume was his motto, and that he meant it to be, what it really was, a powerful Anti-Slavery lecture. He began with describing the singular resemblance in situation between the countries in either hemisphere, where Slavery has taken her last refuge from the indignation and abhorrence of the world—between Algiers, Tripoli, and Morocco, and the "Barbary States of America." He then went on to give a very interesting account of Algerine, or rather Barbary Slavery, drawn from authentic documents, and which he stated to be the only connected account he was acquainted with. This account of the heathen slaveholders of Africa, bore terribly hard upon their Christian brethren of the South. It seems it takes a Christian land to exhibit human slavery in its most cruel and its most brutal form. The white slaves of Algiers appear to have had a comparatively comfortable time. They were allowed freedom of worship, had comfortable dwellings, their own markets, even *their own servants*. Not only this, if a slave was maltreated, he could appear before a Judge, and on his complaint, his master was compelled, by Mahometan law, more merciful than Christian, to sell him to another. If a slave was converted to the true faith, from that moment he was free. It is only in Christian lands that it is advertised as a particular excellence in a slave, that he is a "professor of religion," or that he is "a good preacher, and sometimes exhorts." The Mahometan mosques do not advertise slaves at auction, as their property, as Southern *Christian* churches do. If they did, I doubt if the mosques of Mecca and Medina would *fellowship* with them. Nor do I believe that such scenes occur as I heard described the other day: when that infamous villain, Hope H. Slatter, the great slave-trader of Baltimore, accompanies to the ship, the coffles he is selling off to die in the rice-swamps and sugar fields of Louisiana and Texas, and at parting, shakes hands with them, and says, "Good bye! God bless you! *and may we all meet in Heaven!*" Hope H. Slatter, be it understood, is a professor of religion, and a member of the Methodist Church.

The resemblance between Algerine Slavery on the Eastern and on the Western Continent, sometimes extended beyond a similarity of geographical position. The brave Lord Exmouth, who finally broke up these nests of pirates and plunderers, (we hope we shall not be considered harsh and "denunciatory"—these were only heathens you know,) on one occasion when he had exceeded his orders, and procured the freedom of several Frenchmen, and we believe Americans, wrote home that he feared "the old mercantile interest," (I use his own words,) "would be against him." It was at a time when England had succeeded in defending her own subjects, while the ships of other nations were still a prey to the Algerines—and this was very favourable to British commerce in the Mediterranean. I think I could find a parallel to this "old mercantile interest" somewhat nearer home. I do not wonder that that "Northern man with Southern principles," who edits the Atlas, and is the mouth-piece of Massachusetts slaveholders, should declare that Mr. Sumner's lecture was a vain attempt to give an interest to a subject *intrinsically uninteresting*. If he had said intrinsically disagreeable to the "old mercantile interest," and most particularly offensive to all cottondom and its tools, he would have come much nearer the truth.

Slavery no longer exists in the Barbary States of *Africa*. The cannon of Lord Exmouth drove it from Algiers. Morocco and Tunis, were forced to abandon it, and within a twelvemonth, the Bey of Tunis has voluntarily manumitted every slave in his dominions. It seems reserved for "the freest and most enlightened nation of the earth," the Christian republic of America to hold on to this "peculiar and patriarchal institution," the longest, and to exhaust its capacities for the torturing, the brutalizing, and dehumanizing of men.

I was glad to hear Mr. Sumner say that he intended to publish his lecture in the form of a pamphlet. I hope he will make use of every advantage his subject gives him to deal a blow at the pro-slavery spirit that shall make it *feel*.

I intended to give you some account of the "New-Bedford Lecture Association," of whose course this was the concluding lecture, but must reserve it for another letter.

A.

PROTRACTED MEETING AT ELBRIDGE.

FRIEND GAY.—In compliance with the advice of our friend, James C. Fuller, we made arrangements to hold an anti-slavery meeting at Elbridge, on the 21st, 22d, and 23d instant. He was to take the responsibility of giving notice and making all the necessary arrangements. He accordingly wrote to Charles Lombard, the leading Abolitionist in the place, who kindly returned him the enclosed civil and friendly reply. I forward it, as furnishing additional evidence that while "revivals in religion and revivals in the slave-trade," have gone hand in hand in our country for the last century,—and protracted meetings and protracted wars are found to keep pace with each other,—and the shouts of the converts in the one, mingle in harmony with the rejoicing at the news of fresh victory in the other,—the slave has nothing to hope for at the hands of the prevailing religion of the United States.

Thou wilt perceive that friend Lombard does not doubt our "philanthropy," but fears that philanthropy would not have a tendency to strengthen the "Liberty party." 2dly. He thinks the meeting would not "be generally attended." The less danger to the "PARTY," then, one would suppose. 3dly. No place "to hold it in." So it seems that the tendency of the "protracted meeting" is to shut out from the houses especially erected, dedicated, and consecrated to the use of our common Father, three millions of his own houseless, homeless, children. 4thly. Not even the Academy can be had "on the Sabbath, except for religious meetings." Perhaps the trustees had forgotten what constitutes "pure religion and undefiled." 5thly. Our friend's giving us in Church and society" prevent him from would suppose that there must be something wrong in "relations" which rendered inconsistent any effort of philanthropy.

Thine truly,

J. C. HATHAWAY.

2d mo. 13, 1847.

"ELBRIDGE, Feb. 9th, 1847.

"RESPECTED FRIEND.—Yours of the 5th instant is received. I should be pleased to see you and J. C. Hathaway at my house at any time, and cordially fellowship you as philanthropists, but cannot do so in opposition to the Liberty party. I do not think a meeting of the kind you desire would be generally attended here, and I know of no place that can be had to hold it in. Our churches have been refused of late for any such meetings. There has been a protracted meeting for eight weeks in the Presbyterian house, and one will commence in the Baptist house, next week in all probability. The Academy might be had in the evening when not used for school purposes, but not on the Sabbath, except for religious meetings. The Methodists use it on the Sabbath. In my situation and relations in Church and society, I cannot consistently aid you in this effort here.

"Yours with, much esteem and respect,

"CHARLES LOMBARD."

To James C. Fuller, Skaneateles.

MORRIS KINGSBURY AND HENRY C. HIBBARD.

The following letter from William W. Brown we think, should put an end to this controversy. Both parties have told their story, and all who are interested in the discussion, have heard enough to decide between them:

MY DEAR GAY:—I have watched with some interest, the attempt, on the part of Mr. Henry C. Hibbard, to annihilate our friend, Morris Kingsbury, of Fulton, N. Y. I do not wish to interfere with the correspondence between these gentlemen, but it seems that an explanation on my part is called for.

My first appointment in Oswego county, was at Hannibal, November 19th. The "hue and cry" of no Government, no Church, no Sabbath, no politics, &c. was raised by Liberty party men, to such an extent, that I passed through the place, thinking it impossible to obtain a house to hold a meeting in; but that indefatigable friend of the slave, Morris Kingsbury, was determined that I should have a hearing, and, therefore, after great exertion on his part, the Presbyterian church was obtained, and also an invitation extended to me, to put up with Deacon Watson, and thus I had a meeting, notwithstanding the influence of Liberty party against me. My first meeting in Fulton, was on Saturday, November 21st. The first house applied for, was the Methodist Episcopal church; the use of it was granted to us. A member of the Liberty party was present, but as soon as we had left the house, this Liberty party man informed the person of whom we had obtained the use of the house, that I was a no Church, no Government, no politics, and no Sabbath man, and we were overtaken, and informed that we could not have the use of the house. The next application was made for the Baptist church, and the use of the session room was granted. The meeting was held in that room, and at the close of which, I stated that I would lecture in the village, on Sunday and Monday evenings, if a place could be obtained to hold the meetings in, when the use of two churches were tendered to me, one of them being the Methodist church, and on Monday evening I lectured in the Methodist Episcopal church, the very church which was denied us but two days before.

A large audience assembled at the Methodist church, at an early hour. At this meeting I attacked the Constitution and the Union. This called out our friends of the Liberty party, who came down upon me like an avalanche. At the close of the meeting, I stated that it was my last meeting in that place. The next morning, I received a note from a gentleman, with whom I had some previous acquaintance, saying that "a number who had heard me, and a number who had not heard me, were desirous that I should lecture again in the place, and if I would call at his store, they would make arrangements, if I could remain another evening."

I called at the store, and six or eight gentlemen soon came in, who requested me to remain in the place and lecture another evening. I informed them that I had an appointment in the country for that evening, but would be happy to lecture for them on Wednesday evening, November 25th. Arrangements were then made, and hand-bills put out, saying that I would lecture on Wednesday evening, in the Universalist church. At the time appointed, I gave them another lecture on "Disunion." Thus ended my meetings at Fulton. And now a word about Liberty party. Mr. Hibbard says that he heard nothing of Liberty party men saying that I was anti-Church, anti-Sabbath. It is true that they raised the "hue and cry" against me to that effect, throughout my stay in Fulton; and in the meeting on Monday evening, a Mr. Ira Bristol, one of the leaders of the Liberty party in the place, charged the Standard with being "a paper not devoted to anti-slavery, but engaged in the various reforms of the day;" and while speaking, I was interrupted by this same Mr. Bristol, with loud talk, and crying out at the top of his voice, "false, false, false." And now a word about the invitation to lecture, and the hand-bills. As I had lectured the previous evening in favour of "Disunion," I supposed that the invitation was for me to lecture upon the same subject, therefore I gave them a lecture on "Disunion." If O. S. Fowler, the Phrenologist, should visit Fulton, and should deliver a lecture on Phrenology, and the next morning should receive an invitation to lecture again, would he not suppose that they wished him to lecture on Phrenology? and especially after those who extended the invitation had not named another subject; and I think Morris Kingsbury perfectly right in saying that I had "received an invitation to lecture on 'Disunion.'" I so regarded it at the time, and I have heard nothing to change my opinion since.

Mr. Hibbard says that the Liberty party of Fulton did not send for Martin Mitchel to follow me through the county, and G. C. Sherman, Ira Bristol, and C. G. Case corroborates his statement. If they did not send for Martin Mitchel, they did send to Asa S. Wing, one of the most eloquent public speakers in the Liberty party in this State. The letter to Mr. Wing was written by one of the gentlemen who comes forward to testify that they did not send for Martin Mitchel, and they said to A. S. Wing that I was doing more for the Whigs and Democrats than for the cause of emancipation.

Asa S. Wing did meet me, and we discussed the pro-slavery character of the Constitution, and a more able disputant I have never met; and the treatment which I received from Mr. Wing differed entirely from that of Fulton. His treatment was that of a gentleman. I do not pen this for the purpose of getting into a controversy with Mr. Hibbard or any other individual, but to give a plain statement of facts.

Yours, for Justice and Humanity,

WILLIAM W. BROWN.

FARMINGTON, March 1, 1847.

AN OLIVE LEAF
FOR THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

FRIENDS OF HUMANITY.—Hundreds of your fellow-being, are dying, almost daily dying, of starvation in poor Ireland. Will you not send them bread from your plenteous boards? It has been stated that more have perished by famine in that afflicted land, than those who fell by the cholera in that dreadful year of death. A penny a day will save a human life. Will you let thousands die, when they can be rescued so cheaply from the grave? The God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ forbid! Farmers, merchants, mechanics, men of the United States, children, wives and mothers, will you let thousands of your kind be thrown uncoffined into the grave, when two cents' worth of Indian meal a day will save a human life. Mothers, sisters, daughters, wives of America! there are thousands of your sex dying naked upon the damp, cold ground in Ireland, without even straw to lie upon. Will you not look into your wardrobes and give what you can spare to the poor creatures perishing with famine and the famine-fever? May the God of all grace and mercy and compassion touch the heart of America in view of such a spectacle of wretchedness. Anything—anything to eat or wear, will come to thousands like a ministration of heaven's mercy. The English Government, as you see below, has promised to pay the freight of all contributions of food and clothing which may be forwarded from the United States. Will not the railroad companies in the United States, and steamboat companies, transport from the interior to the seaboard all such contributions *free of charge?* All these contributions may be consigned to the Society of Friends in England, who have made arrangements for extensive distribution to the starving, or to any other parties that may be preferred. I cannot add another word. I expect to be obliged to travel all night from London to Liverpool, to transmit the following communication from the English Government, which I received after the mail was closed.

Yours for humanity,

ELIHU BURRITT.

LONDON, Feb. 3, 1847.

TO THE RIGHT HON. LORD JOHN RUSSELL, FIRST LORD OF THE TREASURY.

The undersigned citizens of the United States of America, desiring that their fellow-countrymen may participate in the pleasure of contributing to the relief of their suffering brethren in Ireland, have learned with much gratification, that the English Government have intimated a willingness to defray the expense of transportation of the provisions and clothing which the Society of Friends in America may contribute for the destitute Irish. The undersigned would respectfully inquire if they may be permitted to transmit to America, by the royal mail-packet leaving on the 4th, the intimation that the English Government will defray the expense of conveying from American to Irish seaports *all other* contributions of provisions and clothing, which may be made in, and forwarded from, the United States, for the same benevolent object?

ELIHU BURRITT, Mass. U. S. A.
JAMES L. L. F. WARREN, "

No. 27, New Broad street, London, Feb. 1st, 1847.

TREASURY CHAMBERS, Feb. 3d, 1847.

GENTLEMEN,—I am commanded by the Lords Commissioners of her Majesty's Treasury, to acquaint you, in reply to your letter of the 1st instant addressed to Lord John Russell, that the Lords will be prepared to pay the freight of any provisions or clothing which benevolent persons in the United States may send to Ireland or to the distressed districts in Scotland, on proof being afforded that the articles were purchased from the produce of private subscriptions, and have been appropriated to charitable objects.

I am, gentlemen, your obedient servant,

C. E. TREVELYAN.

Messrs. Elihu Burritt and James L. L. F. Warren, 27 New Broad street.

Pro-Slavery.

We find in a number—some weeks old—of the Baltimore American, a report of the proceedings of the American Colonization Society at its anniversary at Washington, the latter part of January. We copy the speeches of two of the reverend revilers, who had the audacity to talk of the good done by Slavery, and the natural depravity of the coloured people. The speeches are valuable as the latest evidence that the Colonization Society *does not desire* the abolition of Slavery. We wish some of our Western friends would take the pains to procure authentic proof of the falsehood uttered by Dr. Eddy, relative to the Michigan Penitentiary—for a falsehood we have no doubt it is. Will not our friend J. G. Rice look into this matter?

Rev. Mr. Parker, of Philadelphia, followed in a speech novel in its character and pointed in all its allusions. He thought that *Slavery was but the minor evil*, and the moral elevation of the coloured population the greatest good; that Colonization was the only available means yet developed for the ultimate abolition of slavery and for the great improvement of the coloured race. The society, he thought too, had gone on quite fast enough, as greater advancement might have injured the whole thing. *The Society, Africa, and Civilization had all been much indebted to Slavery*, as but for its existence here there would not have been three hundred thousand coloured men, as there were, who could read and write. (!!) These men, by living in a civilized country for a time, had gone back to their own land, so well prepared to become teachers there that they produced an impression almost at once—an impression that our missionaries had failed to produce upon the Sandwich Islanders or upon any other class of savages. The Sandwich Islanders in their best estate, docile and humble as they were, were but Christian savages, but the Africans were as deeply impressed with their Christian duties as Christians at home. Mr. Parker said that in thirty years the Colonization Society had emancipated but four or five thousand slaves. *This was fast enough.* At the end of fifty years not more than 50,000 might be emancipated, but in the next fifty years it might be a million, and he believed would. In that time the real good of this society would impress itself upon all honest minds, and then slaveholders would go into the work, as many had now, some of whom were educating their slaves with the view of sending them to Liberia to become instruments of good to their own countrymen at home.

[illegible] followed in the one day done away with, but if the [illegible] now put to the intelligent blacks of the South whether they would now accept their freedom, they would not do it, *and he would not advise them to do so.* They were neither *prepared to receive it or enjoy it*, and nothing but moral elevation of character would prepare them for this enjoyment. The runaway slaves in Canada and upon the frontier *were not improved by liberty*, and some of them had said that they had never known misery until they had known freedom. Of the inmates in the Michigan Penitentiary, sixteen were runaway slaves, and *Mr. Eddy thought the mass of them were vicious even of those not in prison.*

Selections.

From the Leeds Times.

THE ANTI-SLAVERY LEAGUE AND AMERICAN SLAVERY.

LEEDS, SATURDAY, Jan. 16th.

A very crowded meeting took place in the Music Hall, on Thursday evening last, for the purpose of hearing addresses from Frederick Douglass, the fugitive slave from Maryland; Mr. H. C. Wright, of Philadelphia; and Mr. Robert Smith, Secretary of the Anti-Slavery League, who formed a deputation to Leeds, for the purpose of introducing the League in this locality. The chair was occupied by the Mayor, (G. Goodman, Esq.) and amongst the gentlemen on the platform, we observed. J. D. Luccock, Esq. J. Lupton, Esq. H. Birchall, Esq. J. C. Barrett, Esq. J. Dickinson, Esq. the Rev. C. Wicksteed, &c. &c.; and in the body of the Hall were several of the respectable inhabitants of Leeds, including many of the Society of Friends. In opening the meeting, the Mayor said that it was impossible for any one to hear the name of Slavery but to detest Slavery in every sense of the word. England had been the first to abolish the odious system, and emancipate the slaves; and he hoped he should yet live to see it abolished in the United States. Being a hater of slavery in every form, he had readily consented to take the chair that evening; and he trusted that, though that meeting was brought about not by the old Anti-Slavery Society, but by the Anti-Slavery League, the two bodies would speedily merge their present differences of opinion—and he felt assured a thorough explanation of each other's objects would effect that reconciliation—and work together for the abolition of that worst form of slavery as it now existed in America. While they should never forget the great good done by the old Anti-Slavery Society, they yet ought not to look with coldness upon the new League. That League was, he believed, most anxious not to give utterance to any sentiments calculated to sow dissension between Great Britain and the United States; but to effect the freedom of the slave by the voice of humanity and the influence of the Gospel. It might be that the old Anti-Slavery Society think they have done their duty by procuring the abolition of the degrading traffic in slaves by England; and if the League could stir them up to the adoption of its principle, never to rest satisfied until Slavery was swept from the face of the earth, it would, he conceived, be achieving a great object. The Mayor, whose observations were loudly applauded, was followed by Mr. Douglass, who, in a forcible and deeply interesting speech, detailed the horrors and deep atrocities of the American slave system; but his remarks upon that head we are compelled to omit for want of space, though we the less regret it, as we reported at some length only a week or two back, his necessarily similar address at the Music Hall. He said that a local newspaper, (the *Mercury*,) had reported him as speaking too strongly upon this question. To that charge, he had only this answer—if the gentleman who wrote that, knew anything of the state of the slaveholding system of America, he would scarcely think any language too strong in reprobating it: but there was no doubt that the writer was absent when his last lecture was delivered;—had he been present, and heard for himself, he could not have accused him of using too strong language, at least, stronger language than the facts warranted. Mr. Douglass animadverted upon the conduct of the Bible Society and

DEFECTIVE ORIGINAL COPY

the Missionary Society of America, who sent the Gospel to the distant heathen, but refused it to the three million heathen slaves at their own doors; the Temperance Society, who connived at Slavery; and nearly the whole of the religious denominations of the United States, who not only had slaveholders in fellowship, and had them for bishops and pastors; but actually, in the Southern States, built their churches, and paid their ministers, with the gold gained by the slave system—some religious bodies being themselves slaveholders. It was this disgraceful fact which had induced the Anti-Slavery League to boldly come forward, and declare that there was (with very trifling exceptions) a wide and irreconcileable distinction between American religion and Christianity, so long as it fostered and encouraged Slavery. The Free Church of Scotland, too, were compromised in this system, and would continue to be so, until they sent back the £3,000 of the blood-stained gold of the slaveholders, which they had received of them, and placed in their Sustentation Fund. Mr. Barker called upon Mr. Douglass to substantiate his allegations against the religious bodies of America, and the laws of the United States in relation to Slavery. With this Mr. Douglass complied, quoting passages from the resolutions passed in the conferences of the Methodist, Presbyterian, and other religious denominations, fully acknowledging the right of holding slaves; and the Presbytery, of which Dr. Smythe, who attended the Evangelical Alliance in London, was a member, resolved that the system of Slavery was not contrary to Scripture, but in accordance with the precepts and example of all the prophets, and apostles, from Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, to St. Paul. Mr. H. C. Wright volunteered to deal with the legal part of the question, and quoted extracts from the Federal Constitution of the United States, which was of higher authority than the legislative enactments, in which Slavery was acknowledged, and in such a way, that there could be said to be little hope of its becoming effectually abolished, until the Union was dissolved. At present, slaveholders had votes in the elections in the proportion of three votes to every five slaves—thus, the man who in the slave States, held one hundred slaves, had sixty-one votes—sixty for his slaves, and one for himself; while the man in the free States, who held, perhaps, a greater amount of property, would only be entitled to one vote. This principle always commanded a majority in the Legislature for the slaveholders, and would certainly perpetuate Slavery so long as the Union existed on this basis. Mr. Wright commented in severe terms upon the complaint in the *Leeds Mercury*, that Mr. Douglass used strong language. If the editor of the *Mercury* and his wife were placed upon the auction block and sold, the one to prostitution in the North, and the other to endless slavery in the South, would he think that any language could be too strong to condemn such atrocious villany? And if he and his wife were sold to build a Presbyterian church, or pay a Presbyterian parson, would he think language could be too strong in denouncing such unholy work? These were things they daily saw and felt in America, and no wonder, then, they spoke strongly. Mr. Robert Smith, Secretary to the League, addressed the meeting at some length, in explanation of its objects; and stated that the League was formed in August last, in London. They held that slaveholding was a sin of the deepest dye, and ought to be immediately abolished; that the means adopted should be entirely peaceful, and in the first instance, directed to the United States, where Slavery exists in its worst form; that no fellowship should be had with slaveholders; and that a national remonstrance should be got up in this country against American Slavery.

Tickets of membership were one shilling each, and they were anxious to form a branch in Leeds. The League would agitate for the universal abolition of Slavery by all peaceable means, and by forming local societies were hopeful they could carry on the work simultaneously. J. C. Barrett, Esq. proposed the following resolution, which was seconded by H. Birchall, Esq. and adopted unanimously: "That this meeting, presided over by the Worshipful the Mayor of Leeds, and attended by large numbers of the inhabitants of that town, do hereby tender their cordial and sympathizing welcome to Frederick Douglass, the fugitive slave of Maryland; that they have listened to his thrilling exposition of the wrongs and calamities of Slavery with the most profound and melancholy interest, and that they hereby record their protest, in the name of humanity, and of the Christian religion, against the future continuance of a system, which is in violation of the laws of nature, and in contempt of the Gospel of Christ; and which is as degrading and unchristianizing to the slaveholder, as it is wicked and cruel to the slave; and they more particularly reprobate holding of slaves by professedly religious persons, and the silence of ministers of religion and Church of their Redeemer." Upon the motion of the Rev. C. Wicksteed, seconded by Jonathan Dickinson, Esq. the thanks of the meeting were given to Messrs. Wright and Smith, for their attendance and explanations; and inviting persons to enrol themselves members of the League. A vote of thanks having been carried by acclamation to the Mayor, upon the motion of Mr. Douglass, seconded by Mr. Wright, the meeting broke up shortly after eleven o'clock, after a three hours' sitting, during which the utmost unanimity prevailed.

From Young America.

NEW MOVEMENT TO "SUPERSEDE THE LIBERTY PARTY.

Under this head, William Goodell, a prominent supporter of the Liberty party, has a long article in a late number of the Albany Patriot, in which he shows, by extracts from the writings of several Liberty party editors and leaders, that there is an extensive movement in operation to supersede the Liberty party. The plan appears to be, to agree upon a half a dozen measures, having reference solely to the abolition of *chattel* slavery, and tending so remotely to that end that almost any office seeker could with safety pledge himself to support them, and then to vote for any candidate of any party who would thus commit himself. According to Mr. Goodell, the original organization of the Liberty party was not confined to the removal of *one* stationary form of slavery at a distance, while the evils of another form nearer home, were daily becoming more aggravated and intolerable, but was designed to remove *every* political wrong violating the rights of the whites as well as blacks, and by such measures as investigation might prove to be the most effectual for the purpose. At the period of that organization, those who engaged in it had not perceived that the primary cause of *all* slavery, was the monopoly of the soil, and that the most effectual means of abolishing every form of slavery was the destruction of that monopoly; but this light has appeared and cannot again be hidden. *Some*, of course, who were very zealous for the destruction of *Southern* Slavery, were not prepared for this direct method, which would also upset something very nearly allied to it, by which they in the North had been profiting; and hence the new movement to "supersede the Liberty party." Mr. Goodell says, "It has been plausible, all along, to talk of voting 'irrespective of party,' but the bottom line of the policy always is, to vote with the tariff party, on the plea that they are the most favourable of the two," and he concludes as follows:

Be this as it may, the disbanding of the Liberty party, either with or without a subsequent organization of a tariff anti-slavery party, is manifestly the movement now in the wind. I am willing, without looking to remote and possible results, to judge of the plan by what it professes and purports to be, on the face of it, viz: an "ultimate superseding of the Liberty party," by a return to the questioning system, in company with anti-slavery men "of all parties" remaining in their parties. On this plan I have but a few words to say.

I am neither surprised, alarmed, or indignant at it. It is precisely the result to which the Liberty party has been tending ever since it gave symptoms of an unwillingness to redeem the pledge given at its organization, and at two subsequent National Conventions, viz: *Not* to confine its operations to the relief of the coloured man, or the removal of chattel Slavery, but to apply its principles of equal rights to *all men alike*, and to all the legitimate topics of legislation. I am not sorry that the time has come when it is beginning to be seen and admitted, on both sides, that if the Liberty party *will not do this*, it must be "superseded" in some way; nor have I the least objection that every anti-slavery man should carry out his own convictions of duty, in forming such political organizations as he thinks proper. I intend to exercise the same right myself, in company with those who think with me, whenever the occasion shall require it.

The question, now before every Liberty man is reduced to a narrow compass. There are but two alternatives before us. We must either go in for the new era of anti-slavery experiment, "irre-pective of party,"—return to the "questioning system," and "ultimately supersede the Liberty party" by any such arrangement as may "ultimately" grow out of such a movement; or else we must come back to the original pledge of the Liberty party, whether few or many will go with us, plant our feet upon the old platform, and go forward and redeem our pledge, by defining our measures of political economy, in accordance with our professed principles. As for keeping up a political party unpledged, in those particulars, it is out of the question. The thing cannot be done. I go for the other alternative—a Liberty party pledged to the abolition of Slavery by the "guaranty of a republican form of Government to every State in this Union," the abolition of the Custom House, anti-monopoly, security of homestead, land limitation, free distribution of public lands, &c. Who goes with me?

WILLIAM GOODELL.

Honeoye, Jan. 27, 1847.

PROTEST AGAINST SLAVERY BY BAPTIST MINISTERS IN MAINE.

The following Protest has been signed by about one hundred and fifty of the Baptist clergymen of Maine:

The undersigned, Baptist ministers in the State of Maine, deeply impressed with the evils of Slavery, as it exists in these United States, do hereby declare their belief, that LIBERTY is the natural right of every human being—that it has its origin in the divine constitution, which declares that "God has made of one blood, all nations of men"—in perfect harmony with which, the Declaration of our Independence asserts, that "all men are created equal, and are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, among which are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

With these views, maintained by nearly every civilized nation, we feel it to be a sacred duty which we owe to our consciences, and much more to nearly three millions of chattelized human beings, in a country boasting of its independence, its freedom and equal rights, solemnly to declare, that Slavery is a palpable violation of those rights, and is founded in high-handed injustice, oppression and wickedness. Above all, we protest against the system, and practice of Slavery, as unavoidably depriving the most of the enslaved of the knowledge of the word of God, therefore erecting the highest barrier which can be raised against their salvation.

This solemn declaration and protest we do, as Christian ministers, put forth in the name of common humanity, and *entreat* and *beseech*, all persons who are implicated in this sin against God, and especially all who bear the sacred office of the Christian ministry, earnestly to pray for its extinction, and to take wise and speedy measures to save the country from this crying sin, and the judgment to which it exposes the whole nation.

BRUNSWICK, June 16, 1846.

From the Portsmouth Journal.

JOHN LANGDON'S VIEWS OF SLAVERY.

MR. EDITOR:—I notice in your late Journal that "Hill's New Hampshire Patriot" of December 31, 1846, contains a foul aspersion of the character of our JOHN LANGDON, by representing him to have been friendly to that part of the Federal Constitution which seems to recognize Slavery. That patriot was my intimate friend, early patron, and conferred on me the first civil appointment I ever had. In our frequent political conversations I never heard him utter a single sentiment favourable to the institution of Slavery. I know he was a friend to human rights. Nor can I doubt for a moment that he made the declarations as stated by the Hon. W. Plumer, Jr. a man whose scrupulous regard for truth, no honest man accquainted with him will doubt.

I will now give you still higher evidence that Langdon was opposed to Slavery, from Madison's reports of the debates in the Federal Convention in 1787, on forming the Constitution. Will Hill's Patriot call James Madison a liar, and declare, that "upon the face of his story, IT MAY BE PRONOUNCED FALSE." The debates prove that the patriots and statesmen of that day believed that the abolition of Slavery in our Union would soon be effected. To prove this we might quote the recorded declarations of many of them. At present we advert to but three:

In the Convention, Mr. Sherman said, that "the abolition of Slavery seemed to be going on in the United States, and the good sense of the several States would probably by degrees complete it." Mr. Ellsworth said that "if Slavery was to be considered in a moral light we ought to free those already in the country—that as population increases, poor labourers will be so plenty as to render slaves useless; and that slavery in time will not be a speck in our country." Our own LANGDON, then a member of that august assembly, declared that "he could not, WITH A GOOD CONSCIENCE, leave it [the abolition of the slave traffic,] with the States, which could then go on with the traffic, without being restrained BY THE OPINIONS HERE [in the Convention] GIVEN, that they will cease to import slaves." After so strong a declaration against Slavery, let no man libel the character of Langdon by calling him a slave advocate! TRUTH.

From the London Times.

For a sample of foreign war, for the fruits of a foray and the issue of an invasion, we must cross the Atlantic. "My son! said an old turbaned Turk one day, taking his child by the hand in the streets of Cairo, and pointing out to him on the opposite side a Frenchman just imported, in all the elegance of [illegible] A New England mother might read his child a lesson of political honesty with an equally effective illustration, and point to a living example of what people came to, who were not content with their own. A war is carried on in the other hemisphere with so feeble a *casus belli*, with conduct so remarkable, and consequences so strange, that Europe has never seen the like since States were formed. A nation of which the present generation can recollect the origin, and which possesses in its vast and untenanted tracts of territory an abundant field for its infant energies, invades and confiscates the provinces of its neighbour with a coolness and composure unrivalled since barbarism has been superseded by law. A sixteen-gun sloop occupies and annexes a territory extending over ten degrees of latitude, and the apparent acquisitions of the aggressive State up to this moment, already so far exceed its own proper dimensions that it will become *pars minima sui*, and will be lost in its own conquests as completely as a backwoodsman in Arkansas. To retain the spoils would take nearly a national migration. If Mexico is occupied, Washington must be vacated, and the capital of the wandering nation transferred from the Potomac to the Montezuma. Between the Pacific and the Atlantic there is space enough for both people to roam at pleasure, and a squabble for territory is about as reasonable there as it would be in the interior of Africa. Meantime, however, the reckoning is at hand. Victories and conquests cannot be had for nothing, and the triumphant transit of the Americans through these permeable provinces is likely to prove a very expensive summer trip. At the same price, there is little doubt that they may continue their career, though the plan is hardly, perhaps, to be advocated, considering that they must eventually return, and will infallibly have to pay for their stay. General TAYLOR has made a grand tour, and has covered his country with Mexican glory, but in his three month's holyday he has spent two year's income, and he will probably be unable to take home with him even his expensive purchases. He is at present in pawn at Monterey, incompetent to proceed and not very well able to retire; while his countrymen have the pleasant prospect of paying either for his retreat or his advance. Tea duty is an impost of ominous name in America, and implies, as well as threatens, a desperate strait. The commemoration of the conquest of Tampico by a small daily payment is quite a different thing from the commemoration of Bunker Hill by a parade of volunteers. The Americans will be clearly taught that wars cost money, both just and unjust; and their balance sheet of the year's transactions will be as serviceable a warning against unrighteous aggressions, as the narrative of the retreat from Moscow.

Communications.

Liberty Party and the Mexican War.

In the Liberty Press, of February 11th, is an article headed William W. Brown, in which the author calls upon me to corroborate, by facts, a declaration made by me a short time previous, that "Liberty party men had buckled on the knapsack, and gone to fight the battles of Slavery," and that "Liberty party editors were crying out 'our country, right or wrong.'" And in case I should fail to make good the declaration abovementioned, he calls on the people to "brand me as a calumniator of the slaves' friends—an unmitigated liar." Now for the proof:

William Goodell, in a letter to the "Albany Patriot," dated Honeoye, Ontario county, July 10th, 1846, headed "Watchman, what of the Night?" says: "This Mexican war, that sets the nation agog, and drives even some men out of their senses, what is to be its effect upon the Liberty party, in particular, and upon professed Abolitionists in general,—Old Organization, New Organization, and no organization? Whig Abolitionists, deadly enemies of the Liberty party, and commonly sympathizing with Old Organization, have revealed to us their latitude, in the ordinary tone of the Whig press, (saving the Tribune and a few other papers,) and the pious Governors Slade and Briggs. They go with Cassius M. Clay and the American Board, denouncing 'the greatest abomination in all the earth,' and hugging it to their bosoms—reprobating the Mexican war as 'damnable,' and crying out, 'traitor,' 'tory,' against the man who hesitates to shoulder his musket, and rush into the hottest of the damnation! Just as though it were patriotism and chivalry to defy the living God, and the bidding of James K. Polk, and post on, blindfold—not with eyes wide open! into the perdition of the ungodly! And, must I say it? No less than four, out of our upwards of thirty Liberty papers, are shouting to the same chorus, and I know not how many more, hesitant and timid!

Having hinted at 'Old Organization,' it were but just to award due honour to the veteran Liberator—aye—and to the National Anti-Slavery Standard. I rejoice to find them 'sound to the core,' on this subject."

Thus, we have the testimony of Mr. Goodell, one of the leaders of the Liberty party in New-York, and I presume that the evidence of William Goodell against Liberty party, will be received as indisputable. The declaration of Mr. Goodell, that four Liberty papers were shouting in favour of the Mexican war, was made more than six months since. The following extracts are from papers that go for the war:

The following is from the pen of Dr. Bailey, (now editor of the National Era,) as published by him in the Cincinnati Philanthropist:—

A WORD OF EXPLANATION.—We have had all confidence from the beginning in the ability of Gen. Taylor to save himself from defeat. He is on the spot. He knows his antagonists and their strength, and what force is required to make his army perfectly secure. This force he demanded from Louisiana and Texas.

If we thought him in danger, and that volunteers from this section were really needed to save him, *we should certainly postpone the articles we are now writing.* Heaven forbid that word or act of ours should have the remotest tendency to jeopard the safety of that noble officer, and his brave army.

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The Warren Liberty Herald, after declaring that the United States invaded Mexico in order to sustain Slavery, thus concludes an article on the war:—

"But we are told that war is declared, and has been commenced, and therefore we must in duty stand by our country. We would answer this in the words of a cotemporary, '*We will!*' but we will not fail to show up in their proper light, our craven and wicked rulers, even while we drive Mexico before us, and punish her temerity.

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LIBERTY MEN AND PATRIOTISM.—Let not the revilers of Liberty men henceforth open their lips against Liberty men as being insurrectionists, traitors, insurgents, or anything of the kind, since among the first to volunteer for TEXAS, is the name of *Maj. Wm. Larimer, Jr.* as we believe, a good and honest Liberty man, though in this instance, the Major's zeal may run beyond his judgment. *Pittsburgh Mystery.*

This Major Larimer was at that time the Liberty party candidate for Canal Commissioner, and has since been talked of as candidate for Governor of Pennsylvania!

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The Perry Countryman, a Liberty party paper, published in Wyoming county, N. Y. says—

"In the language of the following paragraph from the Rochester American, this is the only way a nation can be preserved; for, should the citizens refuse to stand promptly and firmly forth, when the country was in danger, because the policy of the Government might be unwise, or some of its measures unjust, there would be an end to Government and security, &c. &c.

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"OUR COUNTRY RIGHT OR WRONG."—The editor of the (Liberty party,) American Citizen, Philadelphia, (Rev. Dr. Brisbane,) holds the following language:

"Under the circumstances of the case, how are the Abolitionists of this country to act upon this question? Shall we express a sympathy for Mexico? *Surely not; for Mexico does not deserve our sympathy.* Shall it be with our own country? But we need not ask this question; the natural tendency of our hearts is towards our own, our 'native land,'—and, although our judgment tells us SHE IS WRONG, our hearts will throb with anxiety, lest she suffer the deserved consequences of her voluntary wrong position. Men may reason with me as much as they please, against the wrong which my mother has inflicted upon her neighbour, and may convince me fully that she is in the wrong; but my heart says, she is my mother still, and I cannot take part with a neighbour against my mother. There is no successful argument against love: I love her, and that 's enough. So I love my country; and whilst she has possession of my heart, even the wickedness of those who administer her affairs cannot make me sympathize with her enemies. I love my country still, and I must cling to *her*, whilst I try to hurl from power those who recklessly enact and administer her laws. Between my heart and my head, therefore, in this matter, I come to the conclusion, that Abolitionists, whilst they fully judge of and condemn the course of those who administer our Government, when they do wrong, should, nevertheless, take no *action that would imply a hope of Mexico's success.*

[illegible] self, *for Mexico to succeed in this struggle.* To take from her rulers the power to exercise military despotism, *will do her people a benefit;* and although the means of effecting it may not be very honourable to our national character, the Mexican people will probably feel, in the end, that *the defeat of their Government is a blessing to themselves.* On the other hand, should Mexico succeed, of which there could be no probability without the aid of foreign powers, it would only strengthen the despotic character of her military chieftains, whilst it would be the ruin of the United States." (!!!)

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The Bangor Gazette, a Liberty party organ, says—"Our country, right or WRONG," *has no feature of impiety to us.* * * * We are very far from wishing to say one word to paralyze the arm of our country. We would exhort all good citizens to discountenance every expression of *disloyalty to our common country*, and to stand forth, ready to maintain her cause against the world whenever she is involved in war, *however she may have plunged into it.*" !!!

Here we have six Liberty party editors, that, in the language of William Goodell, are "shouting in favour of the Mexican war." Col. Cilley, of New Hampshire, now a Senator from that State, is acknowledged by all to be a Liberty party man, and hear what he says:

"We must have an army of fifty thousand men, in order to do anything. It would be useless to send these troops, raw and undisciplined, to Mexico now; for they would be inactive, and die of yellow fever. They might be raised, organized, and drilled. The best course was to bring all the troops together, within our border, drill and perfect them in discipline, and then, with an overwhelming force, perfectly well equipped, strike upon the very heart of Mexico, instead of the frontiers. Such preparation would sooner incline Mexico to make a peace, than to go on in the way we have done." Such are the sentiments of the Liberty party Senator, upon the bloody war now waging in favour of Slavery. And has the Liberty party ever condemned the course of these men? No! But they have spoken of them, or some of them, and hear what they say:

"Resolved, That we honour the moral courage of Mr. Cilley, the honoured Liberty senator from New Hampshire, in the Senate of the United States, in advocating the withdrawal of our army from their work of unjust war, of robbery and murder, on the territory of Mexico."

"Resolved, That this Convention hail the establishment of the "National Era," at the metropolis of the Republic, as an important step in advance, and we do especially admire the spirit of blended kindness, firmness, courage, and liberality, which has characterized the paper under the auspices of G. Bailey and his coadjutors."—*Extracts from the Liberty State Convention, held at Cortland village, February 4th* 1847.

Thus we see a Liberty State Convention endorsing the acts of Mr. Cilley in the Senate of the United States, and also that of Dr. Bailey. I know not what they have to admire in Dr. Bailey's courage, unless it was his courage in saying, "if we thought him (Gen. Taylor) in danger, and that volunteers from this section were really needed to save him, we should certainly postpone the articles we are now writing." I suppose they admire his courage in being ready and willing to lay down his pen and shoulder his knapsack if General Taylor wanted more men; surely it could not have been his courage since he has been at Washington, for he has been as tame and as humble since the commencement of the "National Era," as I used to be when under the driver's lash.

"Hon. Thomas Corwin, Senator from Ohio, has made a great speech in the Senate against the Mexican war. He will neither vote another man, or another dollar to carry it on; we honour him for the manly independence of his position—a position in which he stands apparently alone, and still a position in which he has the good opinion of the good men of all parties on his side."—*Liberty Press, February* 18, 1847. "Where is the Liberty party Senator in Congress, if Thomas Corwin, the Whig Senator, "stands alone?" As it is common now-a-days to give problems to solve, I will give our Liberty party friends the following: If one Liberty Senator will advocate the raising of fifty thousand troops to carry on a war in favour of Slavery, how many such Senators would it take to abolish Slavery? Instead of the Liberty party repudiating those men who have gone for the war, they eulogise them, and they have placed Dr. Bailey at the head of their national organ, thus endorsing him as an Abolitionist.

The writer in the Liberty Press, promised that if I would furnish the proof, in favour of my assertion, that he would "retreat through the same channel."

A coloured man occupies an unenviable position in community, even when he has a good name. I do not seek popularity, but I do ask for justice. And as the article referred to was published in the Liberty Press, will the editor of that paper do me the justice to publish this reply? WILLIAM W. BROWN.

Western New-York, Feb. 28, 1847.

The Anti-Slavery Standard.

NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, MARCH 4, 1847.

Massachusetts Annual Report.

We make some further extracts from the Report of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, written by Mr. Quincy, and which we have received in advance of its publication. The Report itself will probably never be seen by many of our readers, and we can make no better use of our columns than to bring some portions of it before them:

THE CHURCH.

As the relations of the parties have remained substantially the same, as of old time, to Slavery, and to Anti-Slavery, so have those of the Church. The great national sects, by their ecclesiastical action, or inaction, and by the utterance of their rabbies and of their periodical organs, continue to give to Slavery the blessings and consolations of religion. No practicable breach has, as yet, been made in the walls of "the bulwark of American Slavery." They continue to enclose "the American Bastile" from the besieging hands of its enemies, as if it were the Holy of their Holies, and still endeavour to sanctify it in the eyes of the people, by planting the Cross of Christ upon its battlements. The sympathy of the great body of the churches and clergy is still with the master and not with the slaves. The peace of the Church, and the prosperity of their own particular Zion, yet seem to them of greater moment than the redemption of three millions of human beings from Slavery. The pulpits and the religious press continue to display their zeal for the abolition of Slavery, chiefly by the repetition of stale slanders against the Abolitionists, and by endeavours to prevent them from obtaining the ear of the people. With but few exceptions the churches of all sects are shut against the slave in the person of his advocate, while almost every one of them expands its doors to welcome the pious robber of the poor, and scarcely any but rejoice to have the bread of life broken unto them by reverend men-stealers, with their hands dripping with their brother's blood.

The wisdom of the action of the Southern Methodist Episcopal churches in dissolving the jurisdiction of the General Conference over the Southern and Southwestern Conferences and erecting them into a separate Ecclesiastical Connection, styled "the Methodist Episcopal Church South," has been justified by its results. The Southern Church has gained everything and lost nothing. It has banished the importunate spirit of abolitionism from its great councils, and at the same time has lost none of its ecclesiastical brotherhood with the Northern churches. The Baltimore Conference, which adheres to the "Church North," has thus defined its position:—

"Resolved, That this Conference *disclaims having any fellowship with abolitionism.* On the contrary, while it is determined to maintain its well-known position, by keeping *the travelling preachers*, composing its own body, free from slavery, it is also determined *not to hold connection with any ecclesiastical body that shall make* NON-SLAVE- [illegible] This action of the Baltimore [illegible] was sanctioned by the Rhode Island Conference, held in April last. That body considered "the position assumed by the Baltimore Conference, in relation to Slavery, as exceedingly judicious, and the best for the Church and the slave, possible, under its circumstances!" This resolution was seconded by the editor of "Zion's Herald," the organ of the Eastern Conferences. The editor of the "Christian Advocate," the leading paper of the Northern Church, gave it his hearty approbation, declaring, that though neither preachers nor members of the Church "had changed an iota of their hostility to Slavery, still *they have learned to distinguish between a voluntary and an involuntary slaveholder. They no longer believe slaveholding a sin under all circumstances.* They are now aware that some of their brethren hold slaves, under a conscientious conviction, that *their maintaining the relation of master is enjoined providentially upon them*, as the only means of saving their servants from evils more afflicting than Slavery itself!"

Thus the Church North, as far as the action of their Conferences, and the words of these their authentic organs, can express its doctrine, not only disclaims Abolitionism, but declares its determination "to hold no connection with any ecclesiastical body that *shall make non-slaveholding a condition of membership!*" And the guilt of slaveholding is piously transferred from the shoulders of Hope Slaughter & Co. (the great Methodist slave-traders) and their compeers, to those of the Almighty, which are supposed to be strong enough to bear it! And these are the Conferences with which the Church South could not remain in connection, on account of their *Abolitionism!* Well may the South despise the North, when, with all its pains, it cannot succeed in *kicking* a particle of manly spirit into it.

The New School Presbyterians, at their General Assembly in May last, disposed of this troublesome subject, substantially in the following manner, by the adoption, by a vote of 97 to 27, of a series of resolutions offered by Dr. Duffield. The 1st, declares Slavery to be intrinsically unrighteous, opposed to the law of God, to the spirit and precepts of the Gospel; the 2d, that the testimony of the Presbyterian Church has always condemned it; the 3d, regrets its existence in the Church, and exhorts members and churches to put it away; the 4th, they cannot pronounce a sentence of general and promiscuous condemnation which should exclude slaveholders from ecclesiastical and Christian fellowship; but they rather sympathize with them in their embarrassments, &c.; the 5th, condemns all divisive and schismatical measures, and deprecates the spirit of denunciation, on this subject; the 6th, denies any right in the General Assembly to institute tests of Christian character, and refers the matter to the Sessions, Presbyteries, Synods, &c. Paltry and equivocating as this action was, no less than three protests were recorded against it, as too Anti-Slavery!

The Methodist Protestants at their General Conference, held at Cincinnati, last May, were also troubled by the impertinent obtrusion of Anti-Slavery. The exclusion of slaveholders from the Church, and the striking out of the word "white," where it occurs in the Constitution of the Church, were demanded. A report, strongly Anti-Slavery, created an exited debate of two days. It was first amended by inserting the words, "*if practicable*," where emancipation was demanded, and finally laid on the table, by a vote of THIRTY-FIVE to THIRTY-ONE. So Slavery was victorious there.

It is gratifying after these examples of pious profligacy on the part of sects which, in an eminent manner, thank God that they are not as other men are, to have action of a different character to relate on the part of another great and growing religious connection. In the course of last summer, a protest was issued, signed by THREE HUNDRED AND THREE Universalist ministers, clearly reciting the incidents of Slavery which called for an expression of opinion, eloquently summing them up, and declaring that "for these reasons, we protest against the system of American Slavery as utterly wrong, and confess our obligation to use all justifiable means to promote its abolition." We trust that the implied pledge in the protest will be redeemed, and that we shall see a marked impulse given to our cause by the practical operation of the spirit that informed it.

Early in the year an "*Address of the Irish Unitarian Christian Society to their brethren in America*," was given to the public. It was a singularly faithful and able document, containing, in the most courteous language, the keenest rebuke for the fidelity to their "mission of silence," which the Unitarians had displayed on the subject of Slavery in past and present times. It expressed the satisfaction of the Irish brethren at the "Protest against Slavery," of which we spoke in our last Report, and their hope that they would not be satisfied with a declaration of sentiments on this matter, but let every man concerned in Slavery, feel that he was indeed "committing the greatest possible robbery and the greatest porsible wrong." This Address was prepared in consequence of a resolution offered by our tried friend, James Haughton, expressive of pleasure at the answer returned to the Address of the Unitarian clergy of Great Britain and Ireland, by the American brethren, but at the same time, of regret that no answer had been returned to an Address of their own, forwarded two years previously, and of a consequent determination to send another on the same subject this year. The plainness of speech and directness of expostulation and rebuke of the former Address, if we may judge by the animadversions of the Christian Register (the Unitarian organ) upon this, were doubtless the reason of the expressive silence of which the resolution and Address complains. Whether any action has been taken upon it, by the American Unitarians, or any of them, we have not heard.

The American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions have distinguished themselves, during the past year, by carrying out the principles of their toleration of slaveholding, in a manner highly creditable to their intrepidity and consistency. Having decided formerly that the question of the admission of slaveholders to the Mission Churches should be remitted to the missionaries for decision, they carried out the same principle in relation to a far less criminal class of offenders against fundamental morality. It having been ascertained that the neophytes at some of the mission stations were indulged by their spiritual fathers in the luxury of a plurality of wives, some "troublesome," "meddlesome," "snarlish," "enemies of the Board," (as they were characterized at the meeting,) sent up a memorial suggesting action relative to this slight impropriety. The subject was referred to a committee, of which no less a personage than Chancellor Walworth, of New-York, was chairman, which reported that it was inexpedient for the Board to take action in the premises, but to leave the question to be settled by the missionaries themselves! This report created a long debate, in the course of which, the Rev. Dr. Taylor, the head of New Haven theology, said with great *naiveté*, that "*we*," that is the polygamy party of the Board, "*have as good a right to ask the Board to say that polygamy, in extreme cases,* IS RIGHT, *as they have to ask the Board to say that it is* WRONG!" And the illustrious head of the law in the Empire State, he who sits in the seat of Livingston and of Kent, suggested "that in *case of the opening of Turkey to the Gospel, where polygamy is common, the case might arise.* IN HIS STATE POLYGAMY WAS FELONY,—THERE IT IS LAWFUL. *We could not decide it,—the circumstances of the case must decide it!*"

This Report was at last adopted without a single dissenting voice, so that the Board has now "defined its position" anew, and decided that provided a sin be only sufficiently prevalent to have become a recognized institution, it ceases to be a sin, and is no longer any bar to the gates of Heaven, or to the privileges of the communion-table! This may certainly be called Christianity Made Easy, and Morality Adapted to the Level of the Meanest Capacity! We would, however, suggest to this august Representative of American piety and the American character, whether an impartial recognition of all the deadly sins, in one general resolution, would not greatly simplify and facilitate the conversion of the world.

We need scarcely say, at this period of our existence, that we have no quarrel with the American Church, as a collection of sects, or with any of the sects of which it is made up, as to their rightful existence, as to their controverted doctrines, or their conflicting disciplines. We take the Church in the aggregate, and each of its parts in detail, at its own account of itself, and ask of each and all to apply the same machinery of rebuke and of discipline to Slavery—"the sum of all villanies,"—that they do to any of the single sins of which it is composed. We come to the Church in the beginning, accepting it as what it professed to be, a divinely established institution for the removal of all sin, and asked it to help us in the removal of this aggregate of all sins. And it has only been where we have found her the ally, instead of the enemy of Slavery, that we have denounced—not the Church of Christ, but—the Church of America, as being, in the emphatic language of Dr. Channing, "a synagogue of Satan!" We have never denied, as Abolitionists, that the true Church was the "light of the world," and "the salt of the earth." We have only affirmed of a self styled Church, which gave its sanctions, its support and its countenance to Slavery, that it was a light which was utter darkness, and salt that had lost its savour, fit only to be trampled under foot of men. This is the head and front of our infidelity,—of our Anti-Church and Anti-Ministry agitation! If this be infidelity we glory in the name of infidels! We shall rejoice with exceeding joy, if the American Church shall ever know the things that pertain to her peace, in this regard, and employ its yet mighty, though shaken, power for the deliverance of the nation of American heathen, for whose misery, degradation, ignorance, and vice, it is, in the sight of God and of good men, the guiltiest agent.—Should it ever, as a body, or in any of its parts, be willing to purify itself of its heresy against humanity, and to exert itself for the promotion of practical righteousness in the land, they will ever find us most heartily ready to welcome, and to assist its regenerated action.

We cannot conclude this portion of our Report without commending to the Society the tract which Mr. PILLSBURY has just prepared, entitled, "THE CHURCH AS IT IS, OR THE FORLORN HOPE OF SLAVERY." He brings down the pro-slavery history of the Church to the present time, from the point where it was left by Mr. FOSTER'S "Brotherhood of Thieves." We trust that it will receive, what it deserves, the widest circulation.

NORTHERN PRISONERS AT THE SOUTH.

The number of victims to slaveholding vengeance and security, for whom our sympathy has been demanded in past years, has been diminished since we last reported their situation. The Rev. CHARLES T. TORREY was released by death from his imprisonment on the 9th of May. Even after the hand of death was upon him he was refused the small boon of dying among his kindred, although it had been solicited by many of the most distinguished of the citizens of Massachusetts, among them two ex-Governors of the State, and although their request was marked by a servility of concession and a meanness of assentation such as was thought best adapted to conciliate slaveholding arrogance, but which only excited its contempt. He, accordingly, died in the Penitentiary, in Baltimore, another witness to the truth that common humanity and Slavery cannot exist together.

Mr. Torrey's remains were removed to Boston for interment, and his funeral services were performed in the Tremont Temple on Monday the 19th of May, in the presence of a large concourse of spectators. Application had been made for the use of Park Street Church for this purpose, and it was granted by the proper authority, but subsequently, almost at the last moment, the permission was revoked. This insult could have had no other origin than an unwillingness to seem to countenance the act which was the first cause of Mr. Torrey's death, and so this representative of the American Church spurned from its doors the dead body of a brother in full communion with themselves, a minister of their own denomination, as if it had been a loathsome carrion, because he came to his death for attempting to rescue the victims of their slaveholding brethren in Christ! And this, notwithstanding all that he had done to regain the favour his early Anti-Slavery course had forfeited! A pregnant commentary upon the character of American religion! And an instructive lesson to all who are tempted to endeavour, at the instance of a pro-slavery Church, to recover her smiles by the sacrifice of principle and of duty!

Earlier in the year, Mr. BURR, one of the Missouri prisoners, was discharged by pardon. A favour which was not extended to him until he had maimed himself in the service of the State, and had become a source of expense instead of profit. Mr. THOMPSON is now the only one of these captives that is wearing out his best years in bondage to expiate his suspected attempt to open the prison-doors of the slave. We earnestly hope that we shall soon hear the good news of his deliverance.

The case of the citizens of Ohio who were kidnapped on their own soil, by the inhabitants of Parkersburgh, and carried into Virginia to be tried for assisting fugitive slaves to escape, has been at last determined; the highest Virginian Court, to which it was carried in the last appeal, having decided, after solemn argument, that the Ohio side of the river is not within the jurisdiction of Virginia!

THE POLITICAL PARTIES.

Nothing has occurred during the past year, to alter the relations of the three political parties towards Slavery, and towards Anti-Slavery. They are all alike engaged in a strife for office under the Constitution of the United States. They are all equally ready to swear to support that Constitution; and, if true to their oath, to do the work which the Constitution, as explained by its authentic expounders, requires of those supporting it. Though they all claim to be hostile to human slavery and desirous of universal liberty, their position contradicts their pretensions. As long as they occupy that position, they are essentially pro-slavery in their essence and tendency. Whether they accept the Constitution as it is, or attempt to see in it something that is not there, the great fact of its actual character and meaning remains the same. It is still the heaviest of the chains that bind the slave to his despair, the iron of which enters into our own souls who have consented to hold it.

Such being the common relation of the three parties to Slavery, their common relation must necessarily be one of hostility to genuine Anti-Slavery. True Anti-Slavery is, of its own nature, the antagonist of whatever sustains Slavery; parties clinging to one of the main supports of Slavery, must of an equal necessity, be the antagonists of Anti-Slavery. This we find daily to be true of the three parties in their collective capacity. The individuals composing them we find of every degree of relation to us, from the most malignant hatred to the warmest friendship and good will. Though most of the prominent leaders, and of the official organs, of the three parties are equally bitter against us and our movement, still we are happy to know that there are multitudes within the ranks of all them that are cordially friendly to us, and desirous of co-operating with us as far as their political relations will admit. We are far from claiming to be the only ones in the country that earnestly desire the abolition of Slavery and are honestly labouring to promote it. But we are confident that ours is the only way of salvation. We believe that there are many in the Third party, and many more in the Whig and Democratic parties who are sincere haters of Slavery, and are honestly convinced that their party organization is the true one for its final destruction; but, while we believe all these to be equally honest in their purpose, we are sure that they are all equally mistaken in their method. Our testimony is, therefore, upheld equally against all.

There is nothing in our organization or platform that forbids Abolitionists of either of the parties from acting with us, to the extent that their sense of duty, and feeling of good faith towards their parties, will permit. We have such helpers in them all, and they always find us ready to co-operate with them, where concert is possible. Where we have reason to believe them disinterested Abolitionists, men of private integrity and personal honour, (or where we have not reason

Adams, Whittier, Elizabeth Fry, and others. On the cover is a list of the officers of the society, and its honorary members. Among these we notice Joseph Post, Thomas McClintock, Samuel J. May, Professor T. C. Upham, Hon. John P. Hale, and others well known to the readers of this paper. The objects of the Society is to circulate works of this kind far and wide. To do this, it requires funds. The profits on the sale of this work will be devoted to this purpose. Our friends can order copies, and make donations to the cause, through this office.—*

Relief to Ireland.

We do not pretend to keep informed of the meetings held, and the various other means resorted to all over our country, to raise means for the relief of the starving poor of Ireland. The result, perhaps we may get at by and bye. In the meantime, it is gratifying to know that the sympathies of the whole population are awakened, and that in every part of the country, the rich and the poor are throwing into the treasury of the poor, their much and their mite. Our friend in Dublin, may be assured that Brother Jonathan's heart is greatly moved, and his hand deep down in his breeches pocket.

Whether anything will be done by the Government, is problematical. It is feared that the Relief Bill, which made out to get squeezed through Congress, will be vetoed by the President. We should not be surprised at this. We can conceive of no infamy which Mr. Polk and his advisers would not naturally descend to. Not only not to relieve, but even to help starve the Irish, if that were possible, would necessarily be a most gratifying labour to the dominant party of this country. We firmly believe that a more thoroughly depraved party has not existed since the first division among men, of which we have any account, took place—that between Cain and Abel. Not that we believe that the Whigs are the descendants of Abel, but the Democrats—in their leading influences—are the legitimate heirs of Cain. We have no doubt that resolutions could be passed in the United States Senate, commending the crucifixion of Jesus Christ, and the Kiss of Judas. And we say all this, of course, without the slightest partisan predilection. If the United States Government, under its present influence, should do anything for the relief of Ireland, we should be exceedingly surprised at it. If it does, we shall only believe that it is because it is afraid and ashamed to do otherwise. Even if Mr Polk and his friends have any humane feelings, they have no time to listen to its dictates in the hurried swindling which they must resort to at the close of the session, to get means to carry on the infamous Mexican war, and guard against any prohibition of the extension of human slavery.

We refer our readers to the valuable article of our Dublin Correspondent, for information in regard to the condition of Ireland, and some valuable hints as to the best method of relief. The letter from Elihu Burritt, on the first page, is of great value in this connection. No doubt much more could be done by sending provisions rather than money to Ireland.

Sonnet.

Vain are thy plans, poor soul, to build thy fame
By slight of Truth which but short time shall last;
Thy back upon her turned, the time is past,
And lost at once return and glorious name.
And though without thee still is Truth the same,
Her laws in everlasting fate made fast,
Abandoning the cause of millions vast,
So doubled is the measure of thy shame.
Though with the noble bearing of a Queen
While true to her, she still may smile on thee,
Yet with serene and high and sorrowing mien,
For falseness thine she will the avenger be,
Demanding all, (thine anguish great unseen,)
Unto the uttermost inexorably.—H. W. G.

☞ GEORGE BRADBURN, in a recent letter to the Boston Chronotype, says he would rather catch his Liberty party associates stealing a newspaper establishment—we beg pardon, we should say—stealing sheep, than defending the Mexican war. As he likes a new object for his sarcasm occasionally, we commend him to the communication of our friend, W. W. Brown, in another column. Perhaps he will give his old friends a respite, and remember his old opponents. We dare say he has not forgotten some of the hard things he used to say about them.

☞ CONGRESS will dissolve before this paper reaches many of our readers. Of the fate of the great measures before it, we can tell nothing this week. Everything is crowded into the last few hours, and nothing will be known respecting them till after we go to press. There is no hope that the Wilmot Proviso will pass the Senate, and notwithstanding the new Revenue Bill has already been voted down in the House, there is good reason to fear that by some stratagem, it will yet become a law. The power to appoint a Major-General, it is expected, will also be given to Mr. Polk, by an amendment to the bill, to raise new forces, if by some little cheatery or overseerism, it can be passed. It is, however, of little consequence whether Gen. Taylor, Gen. Scott, or Mr. Benton shall be Bandit-in-Chief of the marauders in Mexico.

P.S. Since the above was in type news has been received that the Wilmot Proviso is voted down in the Senate.

Woman and Anti-Slavery.

One of the grand differences between the American Anti-Slavery Society and those who have, at different times, after having been its friends, become its enemies, is their widely different estimates of the labours of women. It is a principle incorporated into the constitution of the Society, at its formation, that all persons, without regard to sex, colour, or creed, shall be allowed equal privileges in the management of its affairs. To the great Anti-Slavery cause belongs the honour of having first acknowledged the right of woman to equal participation in the work of regenerating the world.

At that time there were women of comprehensive minds, who, weeping over the sufferings of the slave, were ready to unite gladly with any moral movement for the overthrow of the system of oppression under which he was groaning,—who were willing, if it needs must be, to stake on the altar of his redemption, fame, wealth, and creed,—who counted it great joy to be numbered with the outcasts for his sake, and to be fully identified with those who were indeed poor in spirit as well as in worldly substance, who, with a full knowledge of what they risked, deliberately staked all in the cause of humanity and of God.

It was then that Mrs. Child laid on this altar, her literary renown, second to that of no woman in the land, and found herself, as she doubtless expected, falling from the high position which she had occupied in the literary world,—her books a drug in the market,—her name among those of the proscribed; it was then that Mrs. Mott brought, publicly into the service of the cause, her clear and comprehensive mind and noble soul—"a great intelligence united to a great heart"—while Miss Kelley sacrificing patrimony and patronage, boldly severed all connection with Slavery and its abettors, and went forth unpaid, to plead the cause of those who had no comforter, impelled by a heart burning at the wrongs of downtrodden millions, and ready to face alike cold-hearted indifference and brutal ruffianism for their sake. It was then that Mrs. Chapman, and that-kindred band of noble women, who have, with her, so long and faithfully remained bound together,—a leading constellation to the tearful eye of the slave, came forward, and organizing themselves into a society, for the purpose of co-operating more efficiently, pledged before the world, for his liberation, genius and accomplishments which would do honour to any cause;—and then it was that the Miss Grimkés first poured forth in their eloquent tones, the horrors which they had witnessed in the great Southern prison-house. And which of us is there who has not, as a husband, a brother, or a friend, rejoiced in the support of women in his efforts for the dissemination of Anti Slavery principles, and who, when sick of the

"Malice and meanness, and falseness and folly,"

which he has had to encounter, has not turned to her for aid and encouragement? From Mrs. Child up to the poor washer-woman who cast her mite into the treasury even while thinking of her scanty board, and

"The small pale faces round,"

the sacrifices made by women to the anti-slavery cause, have been most noble and generous.—H. W. G.

☞ THE HUTCHINSONS commence a series of concerts here on Friday (to-morrow) evening at the Tabernacle. We trust there will be a strong rally of their friends to insure them a warm reception, and disappoint any hopes that the mobocrats may have conceived of extending to them a Philadelphia welcome.

☞ Messrs. Corwin, King, Hudson, Severance, and McIlvaine, will accept our thanks for copies of their speeches in Congress against the Mexican War.

☞ We regret to learn that the bill for the abolition of Slavery in Maryland has been defeated in the Senate.

☞ The Courier and Enquirer advertises a "*beautiful lady's* saddle horse" for sale. If the lady went with the horse, the advertisement would suit the southern latitude where the Courier *ought* to be published.

From our Correspondent.

BALTIMORE, February 28, 1847.

Our city has been rife with events the past week, of a nature, calculated no doubt, to exalt and refine the mind of the community. Hope Slatter has shipped another cargo of human misery to New Orleans, to drag out the remainder of their miserable existence on the cotton and rice-fields of the bloody South. It is heart-rending to see a shipment of these down-trodden people; some laughing, some crying, while some endure it with a stoical indifference. Babies are not sent, and the tearless agony of the mother as she clasps her babe to her bosom for the last time, and the inhumanity of the master as he tears it away and hurries her to the carriage, is enough to make the hardest heart relent, and invariably draws forth the execrations of the lookers-on, but they go away and forget that any such thing has happened. The manner of hurrying these victims from the prison to the vessel, shows the workings of a guilty conscience. The hacks are all on the ground before loading commences, and then a hack load comes out at a time and are hurried in and the doors close with a nervousness which made me think they imagined their master the Devil was close at their heels. But enough of this for this time; and I sincerely hope the time is not far distant when the last scene of the kind may be recorded. Akin to this damnable trafic was an exhibition on Friday last, that of strangling a man "within the walls of the jail," with the scaffold some ten feet higher than the walls, which, with the surrounding hills, made the whole spectacle as open to view as it would have been on the top of the Exchange. This scene was witnessed by thousands of the dregs of society. The unfortunate victim being a negro the elite of the city did not feel bound to turn out. If we believe the papers (and who does not) this poor negro had become eminently pious during his confinement in prison, and partook of the sacrament before his death, and had the right hand of fellowship, of our most worthy divines, extended to him in his hour of trial. Poor deluded wretches! had they taken half the pains with him before the commission of the awful deed for which he suffered, in all human probability, he never would have been "hung by the neck till he was dead;" and it seems his murderers meant he should be dead, for the papers tell us the drop fell at twenty minutes past eleven, and he was allowed to hang till twelve o'clock; but pshaw! that was nothing; he was *black*. He expressed a wish "that while the crowd were viewing his body, angels might be wafting his soul to glory." The wonder to me is, that instead of falling when the drop fell he did not go up. The murderer's cell in Baltimore seems to be peculiarly adapted to preparing men's souls for heaven. There has but three real Christians (according to the papers) died in this large city for the last three years, and they were Adam Horn, Henry McCury, and Joseph Alexander; and strange to say, all died by the hand of the executioner.

I did think of putting some redeeming qualities in this letter, but it looks so black thus far that I may as well fill my sheet with "more of the same sort."

The "gallant (?) Captain Walker" has been in our city, recruiting men for Mexico, and gone with about one hundred, besides various others who have been recruiting men for Mexico. They will be landed to the skies if they succeed in killing a Mexican, or violating the defenceless women of that unhappy country, and if fortunate enough to get killed will be lionized by the press and eulogized by the clergy, and their heirs will get one hundred and sixty acres of land somewhere out West, out of the lands that have been in the market over twenty-five years; and all of them will get their land in a lump. Wont that be a delightful community? Suppose they should take to the trade "Uncle Sam" has learned them and go to cutting one another's throats? would the old man say aught? I trow not. N.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Letter from our Dublin Correspondent.

Aspect of Dublin—Central Committee best Recipient of Donations for Ireland—Value of the Potato—Prospect for the coming Months—Still further Distress to be expected—The Natural Punishment for National Crime—Pro-Slavery Letter of a Young Irelander—Pamphlet in Defence of Mr. Garrison—Howitt's Journal—A No-Organizationist Abroad—Best form of Relief to the Poor of Ireland—Illness of H. C. Wright—His Works Peace, &c. &c:

DUBLIN, 1st February, 1847.

MY DEAR GAY: It is so long since I heard from you, or of the arrival of any of the letters I wrote you, that I hardly know whether I should trouble you with any more of my epistles till I learn from some good authority whether you survive the infliction. Since you publish me at length in the Standard, your readers must congratulate themselves that at this time of the year the mail packets sail from Liverpool to Boston only on the 4th or 5th of each month.

It is impossible that a letter written from Ireland on general subjects at the present season can be attractive or entertaining—for the establishment of soup shops, and the rise or fall in the price of provisions—the extent of the last arrivals of breadstuffs from America—the details of the famine in the country parts, and of the distress that prevails to a less degree in the towns, form the staple subjects of conversation. And yet you must not fall into the mistake that every boy makes while reading the reigns of Tiberius, Nero, or Caligula—or the horrors of the French reign of terror. He naturally supposes that under such circumstances the skies are cloudy, and the weather stormy, that a monrnful gloom overspreads every countenance, and that nothing is heard on every hand but lamentation and wo. I think it probable that during the most terrific period in the reign of the bloodiest and most cruel of the twelve Cæsars, or in the most sanguinary days of the dictatorship of Robespierre, there were not more heavy, despairing hearts in Rome or in Paris, than are now to be found in many parts of the west and south of Ireland. And yet whilst this tremendous famine is wringing the vitals and wasting the frames of hundreds of thousands of men, women, and children, the streets of Dublin show no peculiar indication of the scourge that afflicts this miserable country. The thoroughfares are, as usual, thronged with vehicles and pedestrians, engaged in the pursuit of business or pleasure. The thirst of gain is as keen, the quest for pleasure as active as ever. The theatres and other places of amusement are open, and the splendid shops are filled with articles of luxury and fashion—the newspapers appear as regularly and politics are as absorbing as ever they were. Births, marriages, and deaths, with all intermediate acts in the drama of life, go on much as usual. The famine has not approached us yet. I need not go into any particulars of what you must have read abundantly in your own newspapers—of the shocking details of the famine, of women, with hardly a rag to cover them, and naked children, being found in their hovels without a bit to eat, having pawned or sold their wretched clothing for the means of supporting life a little longer—of corpses that lay for days in the same apartment with the sick or the dying—the survivors having neither the means nor the strength to inter them—of the family that, naked and starving, still attempted to maintain the funereal ceremony of waking the dead by burning in lieu of candles the straw plucked from the roof of the cabin in which they lived.

By the "Sarah Sands," which sailed on the twentieth of last month, I sent to Lucretia Mott, and to Francis Jackson, copies of the first number of a report just published by the Central Relief Committee of the Society of Friends, containing extracts from the correspondence maintained with their agents and messengers throughout those parts of the country in which the scarcity of food is working the most direful ravages. I would be glad if those extracts were republished in America, for I look upon them as among the most reliable of any that have appeared on this subject. They tell a plain story—they give what my friend James N. Buffum depends most upon in his anti-slavery speeches—"facts,"—such a mass of facts as needs no aid from imagination to make it one of the most soul-harrowing documents ever published.—Knowing the urgency of the prevailing distress, and the munificence of Brother Jonathan, when he opens his purse-strings, it is of consequence that he should be as speedily as possible supplied with the most authentic information.

I understand that about one hundred and fifty thousand dollars have been hitherto subscribed by Friends, in England, for the relief of Irish distress—and I know that of this sum, about one-third has reached the Central Committee, in Dublin. I am told that the English contributors to this fund are not satisfied with the Irish Committee, for not spending the money *fast enough*. The reply to this remonstrance is, that if the mere object of the Committee, were the expenditure of any number of thousands of pounds, the thing could be readily effected; but since the intent of the donors is, that their money should, in some substantial shape of relief, reach the destitute, it requires great prudence, faithfulness, and vigilance, to insure the fulfilment of this very reasonable intent. Owing to the past ages of bad and corrupt Government, a spirit of jobbing and peculation has become very general in Ireland, and exercises a demoralizing influence upon the people, while it palsies and deadens the zeal of those who wish to relieve them. I therefore, think it well, whenever I write to the United States, to point to a body in whom entire confidence may be reposed, that they will make a faithful, cautious, and at the same time, an impartial and liberal use of the means confided to their disposal. Some of the members of the Committee devote their whole time to the management of the fund. They receive and answer letters—and inspect the progress of the efforts for the relief of the poor, with the most devoted and disinterested industry.

Whatever may be done by Government, or by private individuals, for the alleviation of this awful visitation, it will be difficult to avoid errors on the right hand, and on the left. A large portion of our poor people were already lamentably pauperized—and the extent to which they are now thrown upon the liberality of others, can hardly fail to increase this evil. One of the faults of the Irish character—probably an inevitable result of the extreme poverty and insecurity of possession, so frequent in conquered countries—is an indisposition to provide for the future, and it is to be feared that in the present crisis, many of our poor people will look upon the potato blight as a judgment of God, that must be submitted to, and will hang down their hands as if it were useless to provide against the recurrence of such an affliction, by taking care that the whole dependence of the nation shall no longer be upon the lowest species of human food. Though, to tell the honest truth, it is no better than cant for me to call potatoes bad names. Whether it be from habit, or nationality, or as a mere matter of taste, I think potatoes decidedly superior to train-oil, birds-nests, and many articles that cut a great figure in the cookery books of Pekin and Paris. Why, my dear fellow, it is no later than yesterday that I dined at the house of a wealthy friend of mine, (I have not many wealthy friends, so I make the most of those few,) at his country-house, about twelve miles from town. When potatoes were laid on the table, I thought them prettier than pine-apples—and on expressing my approbation of the rarity, my friend prudently condemned himself for the extravagance, seeing they are so scarce for seed, that every root we demolished might be considered the representative of half a dozen, next summer. He told me, furthermore, that the potatoes which now cost fifty dollars per ton, might have been procured last season, for six. The planting of potatoes must, therefore, be considered a costly, as well as a precarious investment; so that a poor man could not now plant his acre for the support of his family, for less than about twenty-five dollars, a sum far beyond the reach of the majority of our cottiers and labouring men. Many consider that the time that is past is by no means the worst we have to expect. About May and June, the turnip, the carrot, parsnip, and cabbage, will be out of season, and beef, which is now comparatively abundant and cheap, will become scarce and dear. By that time the effects of the scarcity, which has hitherto been felt only by the indigent and poor, will touch the shop-keepers in their business, and the smaller landholders in their rents. In Ireland, we have a considerable number of gentlemen, with long pedigrees and short rent rolls, varying from £500 to £1000 a-year, who have been accustomed to live to the utmost extent of their income. What will become of these and of their creditors when they receive no rents, and can pay no money? My dear friend, there are many heavy hearts in Ireland, besides those that are pining beneath the roof of mud walled cabins. Many a head that has hitherto been able just to keep above water, will be swamped in this flood of misery that is now pouring over this devoted Island. Yesterday I read an admirable essay in Chambers' Journal, from the pen of William Chambers, on the subject of conquest—chiefly with reference to Ireland. He ascribes, I think with truth, the present consummation of wretchedness to the degradation and demoralization consequent on the unprincipled tyranny and cruelty that followed in the wake of the English invasion. He says that the conquered country is sure, in the long run, to become a mill-stone round the conqueror's neck. And that, therefore, the best thing that can happen to the ambitious, is to be baffled in their attempts. Ireland is surely a heavy mill-stone round the neck of England. Algiers, like a vampyre, is sucking the life-blood of France—the conquered three millions of African descent in the American slave States, are the canker and the plagué-spot on the true strength and glory of the Great Republic. All attempts to palliate the evil is no better than a clumsy effort to compound a felony. Nothing short of full justice must be done.

If it were not for the Young Irelanders it might be said that political strife had gone to sleep, quieted by the union induced by the presence of a common danger. Young Ireland, however, is true to her vocation, raking up the embers of strife to the utmost, and throwing dirt upon the efforts that are being made in England to alleviate the prevalent distress. The very people who are doing most in our behalf in England are those who know little and care less for the squabbles of wrangling, selfish politicians. As a sample of the turn of mind of some of this latter class, I will direct your attention to a letter to James Haughton, just published in "The Nation," and written by a leading member of the party—a Catholic Priest, and a prominent opponent of O'Connell, in refutation of Haughton's position, that Ireland should not accept of the slaveholder's money for the purpose of promoting the Repeal of the Union with England. This letter deserves a place in your pro-slavery column as richly as anything I have seen this long time. You should put it in, and I will send it to you so that you may have no excuse. It is marked by an affectation of trenchant cleverness and patronizing forbearance, and by a bare-faced exhibition of heartlessness and want of principle which cannot be exceeded in any corner of the Refuge of Oppression that has come under my notice. The schism between this party and O'Connell has become wider than ever, and past all hope of reconciliation, since you last heard from me. They accuse him of having sold the Repeal cause for the Government patronage, and he declares that they are one of the most eloquent and the silliest sets of young fellows that can be found anywhere. He asserts that they are continually compromising the necks of those who unite with them by the utterance of treasonable language inconsistent with common sense, and with the course that has ever signalized his peaceful and constitutional agitation. This accusation could, I believe, be readily proved. Whether the compliment he pays to his own prudence is so well merited I am by no means certain. I have no doubt, however, that, except in the free States of America, such seditions and malignant diatribes as are continually poured forth in the pages of The Nation would not elsewhere be suffered for a month together.

A few days ago I received from a friend in Wrexham, well known for indefatigable zeal in behalf of the Anti-Slavery cause, a pamphlet bringing Dr. Campbell, of London, editor of the Witness, to a strict account for his discourtesy towards W. L. Garrison when in England. He accused Garrison of infidelity, and based his accusation upon a resolution moved at some Anti-Slavery meeting in the United States in condemnation of American pro-slavery religion—whilst he admits as much as Garrison asserted though he wraps up his charge in softer terms. The brochure I have mentioned is a very successful essay to condemn the Doctor out of his own mouth, and will, I doubt not, convince those who are more disposed to listen to evidence than to bow to priestly authority for the guidance of their consciences and their judgment. I regret that the number is so large who dislike the care of their own souls, and prefer to give them in charge to "good men" with black coats and white neckcloths, who are willing to take that trouble for so many dollars a year.

William and Mary Howitt have lately started, on their own hook, Howitt's Journal, a three half-penny weekly publication, in a similar form to Chambers's Edinburgh Journal, containing essays, and papers by the editors and other distinguished writers. I observe the names of Garrison and Whittier among the contributors. Each weekly number is illustrated by an elegant wood engraving, generally a portrait of some distinguished individual, or a copy from some famous painting. Last number contains a very prepossessing portrait of the present Pope—who is winning golden opinions as a political reformer and a kindly, merciful, and beneficent ruler. I need hardly say that the contents of this Journal are all in the right direction, and that the main object they tend to is the moral and intellectual improvement of the people.

About a fortnight since, Henry Clapp, of Lynn, paid a visit to Dublin. He attended several temperance meetings, and delivered two Anti-Slavery lectures,—one of them at his own charges—the other in one of the temperance halls, by invitation of Dr. Spratt. He is a man of no mean talent, and seems well able to push his way in the world. As an Abolitionist he labours hard to exalt the Liberty party as the most efficient and most persecuted labourers for the slave in the United States. I never heard this asserted before, and even if it be true, it does not reconcile me to the derilection of principle involved in their adhesion to a pro-slavery Constitution, or to the special pleading by which they smooth over the atrocious clauses in that document on which the connection between the free and the slave States is based. I had a long conversation on the Herald of Freedom affair—but I could not comprehend his explanations: they always appeared to me to have a hitch in them.

To revert to the subject of the greater part of this letter—I have heard it said, that if those in the United States, who take an interest in the relief of our suffering poor, could manage to collect and forward food instead of money, they would quadruple the assistance at a trifling expense to the donors. I believe that one dollar will purchase as much food in New-York or Philadelphia, as can be had in Dublin for six or seven. It is probable that like many other wise suggestions, this hint is much more readily given than acted upon—but if it be worth anything, you can mention it to your friends for their approbation and adoption. The latest reports from the markets indicate a fall in the prices of wheat and oats—and an impression is prevalent that in Liverpool and London, there are vast quantities of provisions in store waiting for a rise, which will be obliged to give way before the vast importations from America. What a grand prospect for the farmer in the Far West, and for the continuation of peace throughout the world, is the assurance that from henceforth the Atlantic will be the highway for beneficent interchange between such large and increasingly important sections of the human family.

You will regret to learn that H. C. Wright has been laid by for a while by an attack of the ague, which prostrated him extremely. It was fortunate for him, that at the time he was taken unwell, he was spending a while in the house of some very kind friends in Sheffield, who take a deep interest in the promotion of every good work. They are the same who hospitably received Wm. L. Garrison, when he visited Sheffield. It may interest the friends of peace to know that H. C. W's. admirable work on Defensive War, of which one thousand copies were printed, is nearly all sold; and that of seven thousand copies of "A Kiss for a Blow," printed in Dublin since he left home, but very few remain on hand, so that he means shortly to put another edition to press.

I remain yours truly,
RICHARD D. WEBB.

To Correspondents.

Our friend at O. greatly mistakes if he thinks us wanting interest in the personal details of his letter. We should be sorry to lose so old a reader, and shall put his name upon our gratuitous list for the present, unless he objects to it.

M. S. We will do the best we can with so voluminous a document. It comes too late for us even to glance at its contents before this week's paper goes to press.

W. P. Yes; and the correction. No hurry, is there? say, in two or three weeks?

G. B. S. When he next writes, will he say what per centage he receives for subscribers?

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

Foreign.

Highly Important from Mexico.

Detachment of Kentucky Calvary taken Prisoners—C. M. Clay and Major Gaines Captured—Capture of Lieut. Ritchie and his Dragoons Confirmed—Loss of General Scott's Dispatches—Our Whole Plan of Operations Exposed to the Enemy—Cruel Death of Lieut. Ritchie—Lieut. Miller Murdered—Movements of General Scott—Volunteers of the Quidiaka—Sickness of the Mississippi Volunteers—Death of Lieut. Gibson—Santa Anna not Assassinated—Capture of Chihuahua,—100 Mexicans Killed.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 26, 1847.

By arrivals at New Orleans, we have Tampico dates to the 8th instant, Brazos to the 6th instant, Matamoras to the 5th, Camargo and Vera Cruz dates to the 2d instant, the city of Mexico to the 20th ultimo.

A detachment composed of eighty Kentucky and Arkansas calvary was cut off when thirty miles beyond Saltillo, by Gen. Minon. They formed an outpost, and were surprised and taken prisoners without resistance. Maj. Borland, C. M. Clay, and Maj. Gaines were captured.

The capture of Lieut. Ritchie and ten dragoons, with dispatches from Gen. Scott to Gen. Taylor, is confirmed. One account says they were cut off between Monterey and Victoria, and were all killed. The dispatches are said to have contained the whole plan of our operations.

Another account says that ten dragoons had reached Victoria in safety, but there was no doubt of the death of Lieut. Ritchie. Young Ritchie was lassoed and dragged across a corn-field.

An officer of the Ohio Regiment, supposed to be Lieut. Miller, had been murdered near Chihuahua, and awfully mutilated by the Mexicans.

Gen. Scott was to embark immediately on his destination to Lobos, a distance of seventy-five miles from Vera Cruz. The attack on Vera Cruz, it was supposed, would take place about the first of March.

Col. Harney was sentenced to be repremanded, but Gen. Scott remitted his sentence and ordered him on duty.

News in regard to the volunteers on board the Quidiaka is less favourable than was expected. A detachment sent to their assistance, is said to have been made prisoners, and all the volunteers of Capt. Magruder's forces had started for the wreck, and the whole brigade were said to have followed. The main body of the volunteers who were wrecked had certainly not reached Tampico; and at last accounts from them, were engaged in conflict with a body of Mexicans, far superior in numbers and equipments.

The United States ships Statesman, Prentice, and Catharine, were off the bar at Tampico on the 9th instant, filled with troops. The Mississippi volunteers were on board the Statesman, suffering terribly by sickness, and dying daily in great numbers.

The New Yorkers on board of the Catharine, were in good health. About seven thousand troops were at Tampico, of regulars and volunteers. Lieut. Gibson, of the second artillery, died on the 6th, of fever.

The rumoured assassination of Santa Anna turns out to be unfounded, so also does his active opposition to secure the Church property, though he daily appears to be a dead letter. Last accounts state that he had left for Tula, at the head of the main body of forces.

Gen. La Vega had been appointed to command Vera Cruz. The Congress of the State of Vera Cruz had called on its people to resist, at all hazards, any invasion of the Americans.

The Congress of the State of San Luis passed a decree, authorizing the Governor to negotiate a loan in forty-eight hours, by force or voluntarily.

There are some farther accounts of the capture of Chihuahua. The Mexicans admit that over one hundred of their numbers were killed. Another account mentions that the action took place in the immediate vicinity of El Passo Del Norte, in which our troops were entirely successful. This is the Mexican report, and it states that the Americans were in possession of El Passo with six hundred cavalry and four hundred infantry, on the 27th ultimo. The loss on each side is not stated.

The Vera Cruz Indicator, of the 31st ultimo, says, Gen. Savage meditates an attack on Tampico, and yet the Mexican troops are all represented to be in a deplorable situation. The same paper contains a communication from Santa Anna, declaring that although he has entirely renounced the Presidency, he will oppose with all his strength, any attempt to disturb the peaceable state of things in any State in the Republic.

The latest from the volunteers of the Quidiaka, is that Gen. Cos arrived off the wreck with one thousand troops from Tuspan Tinigua, summoned De Russay to surrender, which was refused. An engagement took place, lasting till ten o'clock at night—result unknown, and Cos had stationed advance cavalry and infantry to prevent reinforcement. Pillow's brigade has been sent by Patterson to their relief.

General Items.

The report of the killing of Marshall by C. M. Clay is incorrect.

Newark, N. J is to send a ship to Ireland with food for the people.

Lansing, Ingham county, has been chosen as the capital of the State of Michigan.

A ball was given at Tammanny Hall, a few nights since, to George H. Evans, editor of Young America.

Douglas Jerrold's newspaper, speaking of the sword presented to General Taylor by the Legislature of Louisiana, says: "One account states that the inscription is a sort of address to the soldiers, 'Free and enlightened Christian citizens, go ahead, cut along!' Another says, it is 'cut away!'"

It is stated in a French paper that some of the Russian nobles are reduced so low as to have only twenty-five peasants each. Poor fellows!

A planter in Jamaica (W. I.) has found a large cave covered to the depth of four feet with Bats' dung, amounting to about six hundred tons weight. It is said to be equal to the best Ichaboe guano.

The Case of Freeman.—There seems little probability of Freeman's ever being tried again. We understand that Judge Whiting, who is now holding a Chancery Court here, has seen him, and declares it as his opinion that he is not in a condition to be tried, and that he will not try him. As nobody else can, as things now stand, Justice Payne, who went to Freeman's cell to take his recognizance for a new trial, totally failed to make the miserable wretch understand what he wanted, and has certified to that fact. We have not learned what steps will now be taken in relation to him.—*Auburn Daily Advertiser.*

Mr. Reverdi Johnson said, in an argument before the Supreme Court, a few days since, that a woman cannot be a witness to a will in Louisiana.

Mrs. Child has written an excellent letter to the Boston Courier, showing from the Report of Mr. Cook, Agent of the Clinton State Prison, the great superiority of moral over physical power in the treatment of prisoners.

The Legislature of Ohio have laid on the table the bill for the abolition of capital punishment.

Kidnapping.—We learn that the principals in the case of kidnapping in this city, which was frustrated in Toledo a few days since, have been ferreted out, and discovered to be two young men employed in an upholster's store. One of them, we learn, was arrested on Saturday, and the other is returned *non est*. The black fellow was employed in the same shop with the kidnappers. They *lassoed* their fellow-labourer one night, and without giving him a chance to cry "help," shipped him on board of a sleigh for Toledo, where the affair was discovered and the captive set free. The perpetrators of the outrage will now stand a chance of making an experimental comparison between bondage and freedom.—*Detroit Daily Advertiser.*

The correspondent of the Boston Courier says that Pierre Soule, the new Senator from Louisiana, claims to be a natural son of Napoleon. When he came to this county he offered himself to General Jackson as a gardner.

A negro slave was recently tried at Thibodaux, Louisiana, by two Justices of the Peace and ten slaveholders, and condemned to be hung, for resisting and striking with a spade the overseer, who was endeavouring to chastise him.

The Atlantic's Bell is to be appropriated to the use of the floating church at the foot of Dey street.

Horribly Brutal.—A wealthy man here, says the St. Louis Gazette, has a boy named "Reuben," almost white, whom he caused to be branded in the face with the words "A Slave for Life." The man who perpetrated this act is an Englishman.

Mr. Robert Owen publishes in the Washington National Era, this plan for the abolition of Slavery, viz: that all slaves born after the first of January, 1850, shall be educated by the State Governments and prepared to become good and useful citizens, and after serving an apprenticeship equal to their assumed value to their owners, they shall be colonized in some territory set apart for them by the Government; those in servitude at the date named, to remain in servitude, or otherwise, at the pleasure of the owners.

This Week's Paper.

FOURTH PAGE.—*Poetry:* The Poor Man's Sunday Walk. *Miscellany:* Toussaint (continued); Saul Le Blanc, or the Slave's Lesson (concluded).

FIRST PAGE.—*Communications:* Letter from E. F. Maine; The Windham County Anti-Slavery Society; A Common-Sense Supposition; Algerine Slavery; Prohracted Meeting at Elbridge; Morris Kingsbury and Henry C. Hibbard; An Olive Leaf for the American People. *Pro-Slavery:* Colonization. *Selections:* The Anti-Slavery League and American Slavery.

SECOND PAGE.—New Movement to Supersede the Liberty Party; Territorial Aggrandizement; John Langdon's Views of Slavery.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

For Standard—from February 22d, to 28th, 1847.

David Smith, East Henrietta, N Y		$1 00
Clarke Spaulding, Otisco,	"	1 00
Wm. Law Cheshire, Ct.		1 00
J. Rideout, Bath, Me		1 64
Benjamin Maxwell, E. Greenwich, R I		5 00
John M. Fiske, W. Brookfield, Mass		1 00
Arad Gilbert,	"	1 00
John Lay, Waterloo, N Y		1 00
Semanthe White South Barre, N Y		1 00
Hiram Burch, Waterloo,	"	50
John Dolley, West Gaines,	"	1 00
Isaac Rice, Cazenovia, N Y		1 00
John W. Hunt,	"	1 00
Wm. H. Barnes,	"	1 00
John Eddy,	"	1 00
Anson Dodge,	"	1 00
Lucy Annas,	"	1 00
Levi Knapp, East Winfield, N Y		1 00
J. Eaton jr. West Winfield, N Y		1 00
Almond Guild,	"	1 00
Benjamin Jones, Cedarville, N Y		1 00
James Purdy, Farmington,	"	1 00
David Whitmarsh, Bristol Centre, N Y		1 00
Munson Hitchcock, North Bristol,	"	1 00
Adna Gibbs, Livonia, N Y		1 00
H. R. Jackman,	"	1 00
Josiah Shoots, 2d, Hemlock Lake, N Y		1 00
P. P. Barnard,	"	1 00
D. B. Parington, South Livonia, N Y		1 00
Charles Richards, Lakeville, N Y		1 00
Jeremiah Keys, East Rush,	"	1 00
Dr. Jesse Morrell, Boston, Mass		1 00
Elbridge Sprague, Abington, Mass		1 00
Reuben Weston, Reading,	"	1 00
James M. Robbins, Milton,	"	1 00
Dr. J. Worster, New-York city,		1 00
		40 14

DONATIONS.

Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society,	$1,914 00	
		1,914 00
Total Amount,		$1,954.14

FRANCIS JACKSON, Treasurer.

NOTICES.

NON-RESISTANCE MEETING.

A Quarterly Meeting of the New England Non-Resistance Society will be holden in Mechanic's Hall, Providence, R. I. on *Wednesday*, 10th March, instant, at 10 o'clock A. M. The friends of the cause, and all who desire to understand the principles of Non-Resistance are affectionately invited to attend.

ADIN BALLOU, *Pres.*

Friendly papers are requested to give the above a notice.

MEETINGS.

William W. Brown, the distinguished American slave, will lecture at the following places, as follows:

Waterloo, Sunday, March	7, at half-past 6, P. M.	
Mottville, Monday,	8th	"
Marcellus, Tuesday,	9th	"
Fayetteville, Wednesday	10th	"
Cazenovia, Thursday,	11th	"
Madison, Friday,	12th	"
Bridgewater, Saturday,	13th	"
Unadilla Forks, Sunday,	14th	"
West Exeter, Monday,	15th	"

Meetings to commence at 1 and half-past 6, P. M.

W. W. Brown and Dr. Hudson will join each other on Tuesday, March 16th, and thereafter hold meetings in conjunction, as follows. The friends of the slave in the different places will not forget to anticipate their arrival, and make all the necessary arrangements for the meetings.

Litchfield, Wednesday, March	17th
Frankfort, Thursday and Friday,	18th and 19th
Mohawk, Saturday and Sunday,	20th and 21st
Herkirmer, Monday and Tuesday,	22d and 23d
Little Falls, Wed. and Thursday,	24th and 25th
Fairfield, Friday and Saturday,	26th and 27th
Middleville, Sunday,	28th
Newville, Monday and Tuesday,	29th and 30th
St. Johnsville, Wed. & Thur. March,	31st and April 1st.
Palatine, Frid. and Saturday, April,	2d and 3d
Fort Plain, Sunday and Monday,	4th and 5th
Johnstown, Tuesday and Wednesday,	6th and 7th
Mayfield, Thursday and Friday,	8th and 9th
Amsterdam, Saturday and Sunday,	10th and 11th
Schenectady, Monday and Tuesday,	12th and 13th
Albany, Wednesday and Thursday,	14th and 15th

Meetings to commence at one and half-past six, P. M.

Farmington, 2d mo. 11, 1847.

J. C. HATHAWAY, Gen. Agt. for N. Y.

ANTI-SLAVERY LEAGUE.

Tickets of membership may be obtained at 142 Nassau St. price 25 cts. Friends from the country wishing tickets, to constitute themselves and any of their friends the money and names with the residence of each, when the tickets properly filled up, will be forwarded to them by mail.

The Anti-Slavery League is an Association formed in London, of which George Thompson, Esq. is President, and which is intended to include all, in all parts of the world, who can adopt the PRINCIPLE of the League, which is thus expressed on the ticket:

"Slaveholding, under all conceivable circumstances, is a heinous sin, and ought to be immediately abandoned."

PAWTUCKET ANNUAL FAIR.

The anti-slavery women of Pawtucket will hold their Eleventh Annual Fair at the hall of Pawtucket Hotel, commencing on Wednesday, February 27th, at 2 o'clock, P. M.

The usual supply of fanc

Poetry.

THE POOR MAN'S SUNDAY WALK.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

The morning of our rest has come,
The sun is shining clear;
I see it on the steeple-top;
Put on your shawl my dear,
And let us leave the smoky town,
The dense and stagnant lane,
And take our children by the hand,
To see the fields again.
I've pined for air the live-long week;
For the smell of new-mown hay;
For a pleasant, quiet, country walk,
On a sunny Sabbath day.

Our parish church is cold and damp;
I need the air and sun;
We'll sit together on the grass,
And **let** the children run.
We'll watch them gathering buttercups,
Or cowslips in the dell,
Or listen to the cheerful sounds
Of the far-off village bell;
And thank our God with grateful hearts,
Though in the fields we pray;
And bless the healthful breeze of heaven
On a sunny Sabbath day.

I'm weary of the stifling room,
Where all the week we're pent;
Of the alley filled with wretched life,
And odours pestilent.
And long once more to see the fields,
And the grazing sheep and beeves;
To hear the lark amid the clouds,
And the wind among the leaves;
And all the sounds that glad the air
On green hills far away:—
The sounds that breathe of Peace and Love,
On a sunny Sabbath day.

For somehow, though they call it wrong,
In church I cannot kneel
With half the natural thankfulness
And piety I feel,
When out on such a day as this.
I lie upon the sod,
And think that every leaf and flower
Is grateful to its God:
That I who feel the blessing more
Should thank him more than they,
That I can elevate my soul
On a sunny Sabbath day.

Put on your shawl and let us go;
For one day let us think
Of something else than daily care,
Of toil, and meat, and drink:
For one day let our children sport,
And feel their limbs their own;
For one day let us quite forget
The grief that we have known:—
Let us forget that we are poor;
And, basking in the ray,
Thank God that we can still enjoy
A sunny Sabbath day.

Even as the soyle, which April's gentle showers
Have filled with sweetness, and enriched with flowers,
Rears up her suckling plants, still shooting forth
The tender blossomes of her timely birth,
But if deny'd the beams of cheerly May;
They hang their wither'd heads and fade away,—
So man, assisted by the Almightie's hand,
His faith doth flourish and securely stand,
But, left awhile, forsooke, (as in a shade,)

Miscellany.

TOUSSAINT:
AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

From an unpublished Translation from the German of Theodore Mügge.)

CHAPTER XV.—CONCLUDED.

"If that were possible," answered La Haye," it would not be unwise to attempt it, situated as we are, and considering the interests of the Church, but ah! I believe that in the best case our means are destined to be greatly abridged. We were two thousand eight hundred and fifty parsons, here in the North, almost entirely Capuchins, in the South, Dominicans, of whom, perhaps, it may be fairly told, that every one of them had an income of thirty or forty thousand francs. But, holy Virgin! is that too much for a man who has a house, and must keep negroes, and a coachman and horses, and be hospitable, and help besides a multitude of the poor and suffering. By the holy Virgin of Assisi! I have never laid up a single gold Portuguese, although Dondon brings me in a pretty income. The greatest part of our gains come from christenings, weddings, funerals, masses, and other matters among the negroes. But now, as no one means to be a slave, or to buy any, the poor priests suffer a loss, which, come what may, can never be made good."

"Especially not," said Vincent, "if the black slaves become Spanish dons and Generals by and by."

"O!" cried the Abbé, "that is not half so much to be feared as the time, when your wild revolutionists will have conquered the Creoles, and proclaimed universal freedom for black and yellow. And that time, Sir, will come, and then it is all over with the slaves and their christenings, and with the priests, too, for they are the abomination of your Reason-worshippers."

"And what, then, will become of the black Grandees, and other Spanish dignitaries of the same colour?" said Vincent. "Will the noble gentlemen become mere French citizens?"

"Do not imagine," replied La Haye, "that the proud Spaniard is in earnest, in raising these slaves. It is all a farce, right prettily acted on both sides. Spain has privily encouraged the insurrection, and now helps it openly, because the war is going on in Europe against the Revolution and the Regicides. Perhaps we shall now succeed, so they fancy at Madrid, in accomplishing our darling wish and drive out of the island these intruders, these French buccanniers. It is a beautiful country, and one must always covet it, who cares for a few titles, and uniforms, and muskets, and powder-flasks? Spain would do even more, but she lacks means. It will soon enough be seen how little poor Spain is able, even with its new subjects to conquer the brave Creoles and French. O, if it were possible, how soon would they bring the negroes back to the old order. "But there is one, at least, among them," he continued "who sees through it all, and who knows how to hide his own purposes with the cunning of a snake."

"And this one," said Vincent, "is Toussaint."

"Hush," whispered the Priest, "or if you speak of him, let us talk of his wonderful piety. But better still," he continued, "that we say nothing of him, for who will assure us that he is not sitting up there in the trees like a crow, hearing all we say, or that he does not ride now at our side? His people maintain that he is a great enchanter, who can do everything, and so much is certain, he can do more than all the rest, and he enchants even those who think they see through him."

As Vincent was about to ask further, La Haye pointed to the valley they were just entering.—"There," said he, "on the top of that eminence you see that large white house, where he has dwelt for some time. As Physician-in-chief of the black army, he has directed all the out-buildings of the plantation to be converted into a hospital, where at present, a large number of sick and wounded are provided for. There he arranges and orders everything. All succeeds under his hands, and he has brought it about that no French surgeon is ever killed, but when taken prisoner, delivered over to Toussaint, who avails himself of his prisoner's knowledge of the medical art; there is no lack of care and attendance, and the wise negro is adored by all those who, as they say, are saved by his magic." As they now quitted the wood, the lovely valley, interspersed with small streams and orchards, lay before them. Vincent was astonished to see here, as in a time of profound peace, whole fields planted with sweet potatoes, vegetables, melons, rice, and maize, among which a number of women and children were passing to and fro, watering the plants, weeding the ground, and occupied with all the employments of rural life.

"There you see again a proof of the magic arts of this black creature," said the Priest of Dondon, "who, strange to say, possesses not a single quality of his race. His brethren, even, when they have more understanding and insight than usual, still live only for the present, and never think of the future. Some weeks ago a council of war was held, in which Toussaint insisted most urgently that the valleys upon the Spanish borders should be cultivated by the women and children, to secure the army against want. Many objections were made, for all the blacks hate work, and the only thing that delights them is the idea of being allowed to do nothing. But by setting an example here in this valley, and with the help of the cruel old Dessalines, Toussaint has carried his point, so that Jean François, with the assent of the Marquis d'Almonas, has ordered that the women and children shall be separated from the newly organized army. The majority have to till the land in the Spanish quarter, the rest must, as hitherto, make cartridges, and do the work of beasts of burden."

In such conversation they proceeded along the way, which at last led up the eminence upon which the dwelling-house stood. They passed huts in which negro families dwelt, and the blacks fell reverently on their knees at the approach of the Priest, and crossed their hands, waiting his blessing. Their stupid faces were turned with curiosity, but without any expression of hatred, to the white soldier, who, in disordered uniform, half stripped, without arms, his head wrapt in a handkerchief and protected by a large straw hat, which he had obtained from Belair, presented rather an odd appearance. Belair himself still kept before the other two, and, reaching the top of the ascent, he beckoned with a sly and smiling look to his companions. They followed, and passed immediately through a gate into the yard of the plantation, which was occupied by a strong guard, who had set sentinels around the buildings. The blacks here were distinguished by a certain air of intelligence, by their dress of short blue pantaloons of cotton, and still more by being completely equipped, with muskets and short sabres. Their tall, powerful frames were distinguished by a certain military adroitness, and with surprise, Vincent saw them salute both the Priest and the officer, Charles Belair, in true military style. A part of these soldiers sate in the shade of some trees, laughing and talking over a game which bore some resemblance to the Italian *Alla Mora*, requiring the number of fingers to be guessed. The Abbé whispered to Vincent that Toussaint, for the protection of the large hospital, had selected these negroes from the tribe of the Arradas. "There is a body guard," said he, "every man of which will let himself be cut in pieces for the grandson of their great head chief. His brothers and nephews fill the places of officers, and a day may very soon come, when this select troop shall play a conspicuous part. Perhaps," he added, softly, "that of the old Pretorian band who gave masters to Rome."

Vincent, instead of listening to this remark of the Priest, had his attention arrested by one of the slight, low buildings, which were used as the residences of the domestics and overseers, and from which proceeded a mingled discord of pain and mirth, accompanied by a shrill voice, that sounded above the din, in tones of violent objurgation. It seemed to the young officer, as if he had heard this voice before, and he hastened with redoubled curiosity, after Charles Belair, who had just opened the door of the aforesaid building.

CHAPTER XVI.

At the first moment, Vincent saw in the large, low room, only a circle of black figures, making the most dismal faces, and trembling with alarm and terror. They were crowded together like a flock of sheep in fear of the wolf, pushing one another, and screaming in chorus, while some were clapping their hands, leaping and laughing, and endeavouring to drag forward, and hold fast their brother sufferers. Part of the crowd, as Vincent remarked, were suffering from wounds, and had either their arms, feet, or heads bound up with plasters or bandages, while the rest were on the sick list, and betrayed their weakness in their motions. The laughing other of these two classes, seemed to linger at the pains, and were leaping and shouting around the rest, like a troop of devils around the damned. In the midst of the uproar, were heard exclamations of wrath, and the most melancholy whimpering, mingled with exhortations and curses, cries of murder, entreaties and threats. At a little distance, Vincent saw a black figure, which, held fast by some active hands, yet twisted and wriggled, and roared out, and then made a gurgling sound, as if choking, that ended in a howl, and at last, released by its tormentors, suddenly sprung up, shook itself, as if from a horrible feeling of nausea, and then as suddenly broke out into the most extravagant laughter, and ran to join the company of those who were tugging at the others. The circle now opened, and Vincent saw, with astonishment, a little white man in the centre of the group, who stood like a wizard before the kettle, which he was stirring with great vigour. His lank body was wrapped in a white cotton mantle, the original colour of which, covered with innumerable spots and stains of all kinds, and long streaks of blood, gave him a very ferocious appearance. Notwithstanding this odd disguise, Vincent soon recognized, with pleasure, an old friend. The bald forehead, the monstrous nose, and the prominent eyes, could belong to no one but worthy Master Bertrand, whilom surgeon of the Plantation Breda, rescued in the night of the Insurrection, by Toussaint Breda, and pressed into the service of the black army, as physician in chief? But when the little doctor lifted up his voice, all shadow of doubt as to his identity, vanished. There stood the, wondrously learned lover of the healing art, who sought out all the hidden powers of nature at the cost of mankind, and was now securely testing a new medicine on these unfortunate negroes. "My children," cried the old man, in a shrill tone, "be not so foolish, good souls, as to despise this precious mixture. Ah! if you only knew what trouble it cost me, to collect all these herbs and roots, to cook them and prepare them, to mix and to test them. New life will flow through your veins; come hither and be cured, willingly; be reasonable, you stupid, irrational animals; must one forever drive mankind onward by force? You are on the way to get better, convalescent, as we say, that is, in a condition almost as good as well, but yet you may as easily die as one can crook his finger. But I want you to be well. Your systems are through and through diseased, they must be purified, like a house, when all sorts of rubbish has got collected, and here is the means that will clean you out, as Hercules did the Augean stables, of which, of course you know nothing." And, with this, he dipped out a large spoonful of the brown viscous fluid, and went round to the group, who shrunk back, with loud expressions of disgust. "Come hither, my faithful Famulus!" cried he in a rage, when he saw that all the arts of persuasion were useless, "and you, you who know the value of this panacea, catch me that big rascal there, and bring him to me, for it is but too true that it is in vain to preach reason to this worthless rabble." The tall, muscular form of another white man now appeared behind the old man, with a wild countenance, half-covered by a tangled beard, a pair of eyes, that stared idiotically at his master, until he repeated his command, and then, like a well-trained dog, the fellow shot, with all the sign of joy, into the circle of trembling blacks, and dragged out the victim that had been indicated. The stout negro twisted himself like a child, in the arms of the white man, who, with irresistible strength, overcame him, and set him down upon a low table, before the doctor, where a number of laughing, good-for-nothings, surrounded him, and held him fast. The poor trembling creature looked as if in the very agony of death. He did not dare to open his mouth and cry for help, or to shriek, for there stood the little sorcerer before him, with the horrible spoon; he did not dare to move an eye, for the doctor's savage attendant stared at him with a satanic delight, crying out at the same time, after the fashion of his master: "Good soul from Congo, child of my heart, be wise, and just open your big mouth. If you only knew, with what pains we have brewed this precious drink, made, as it is, of spiders, and toads, and centipedes, and serpent's hearts, and cat's livers, and seven-and-seventy different roots and herbs, gathered in subterranean holes and waters, where ghosts live! you would suck it down, my child, and you shall suck it down, you stupid black sinner," cried he, pulling back the head of the negro, with a cunning jerk. At this moment, when overcome by pain, the poor fellow involuntarily opened his mouth, the doctor thrust the spoon between his mandibles, and in spite of all the struggles of the patient, emptied its contents. As soon as the Patient was convinced that the dose was actually down, he let the negro go free; and then arose a roar of laughter over the horrible grimaces which the fellow made, as shuddering and exhausted, he leaned against the wall. In a few moments, however, he recovered himself, and ran to join the rest of the laughers, and no one was more busy than he, to help the others to the same enjoyment, which he had himself just experienced. It was curious to remark with what lively satisfaction the doctor's servant watched all the signs of disgust and pain in the countenance of the patient, but as soon as the latter began to recover and laugh, then the doctor's man became sullen and stupid again, seating himself by the kettle, which his master was stirring, in all his glory. Charles Belair and his companions had thus far, stood by as amused spectators, for it was impossible to look upon the scene without laughing. The zealous little doctor, his demoniac servant, the monkey-like leaps, and awful grimaces of the blacks, it was a real devil's-sabbath, which was kept here; and the Priest of Dondon, a somewhat corpulent man, ran some danger of his life, from the convulsions of laughter into which he was thrown. "In God's name!" cried he, as well as the cough brought on by laughing, would let him, "there, that's enough, my worthy court and body-physician We must all die once, either from laughter, or a spoonful of your devil's broth, but I would rather swallow it myself than look on any longer."

(To be continued.)

Saul Le Blanc; or the Slave's Lesson.

A Tale of Louisiana.

BY CHARLES HOOTON, ESQ.

(Concluded.)

But I observed it was fastened with a collar round her neck, and, dividing into two branches, extended to her wrists, where it was fixed in a similar manner. I could not be persuaded that decorations merely should be made like shackles; and yet I could neither, on the other hand, understand why, with chains, her arms should be perfectly free. But fever was still on my brain, and things, in themselves the most simple, were confused, and perplexed into knots which I could not untie. My mind became embarrassed to a painful degree, from a consciousness of which only an increase in my disorder relieved me. But it is useless to dwell upon that time of sickness.

With the comparative coolness of the latter months of the year I recovered. I could again walk slowly in the open air, and see again all with which I had been familiar from my childhood. But I saw it without pleasure; rather with pain, to feel and know how the world changes with the change of ourselves. In the coloured people of the plantation I now saw beings like myself, for I now for the first time possessed the dreadful knowledge that I myself was like them. I could behold only slaves. Their mirth was melancholy to me, and I wondered how they could ever laugh and sing. It seemed as if a shadow, a cloud, a sadness had fallen upon the expression of all nature. My days of boyish happiness had been suddenly and abruptly cut off. Ended like a happy dance, stopped by instant darkness.

I wandered about the plantation like one lost; but my mind was beset by a thousand wild and visionary projects for running away with my mother, at once from my parent and my owner. Fugitive slaves often fled into the swamps, and defied their pursuers at the muzzle of the rifle. Should I possess myself of one of my father's guns, and fly to the swamps for freedom? The wily alligator had no terrors for me then, and the gigantic fan-like leaves of the sinnet grass seemed to offer me a bed and shelter. Or should I rather steal a boat, if opportunity came, and drop down the Mississippi by night, to the great water, across which, I had heard, no slaves were known. And then again the thought would come, why run away at all? Why be unhappy and discontented? For though a slave by law, and at my father's will if he chose it, yet he had never made a slave of me; he had brought me up as free, and showed me a thousand indulgences too many. True, he might change his mind; there was no security against that. He might conceive a dislike of my mother and myself; we might some day offend him mortally, and then he would sell us, perhaps to different masters, and we should be parted forever. Such were the projects and conjectures of uncertainty and fear. But it will not surprise you that I failed in courage and resolution to put any of them to the test of an attempt, and the more especially as I had been undeceived with respect to my mother's chain, which was in reality what she had represented it, and because also I found, if possible, greater kindness than ever shown towards both of us by M. Le Blanc, my father. But this additional kindness of his, subsequently, appeared to be only assumed, for the purpose of aggravating a certain intentional atrocity (as it then seemed) which soon followed.

No sooner had my health become perfectly restored than M. Le Blanc took a convenient opportunity one day to converse with me, much after the following manner; I remember the circumstance well, we were sitting on a seat beneath three large figtrees at the time.

"Saul," said he, "it is high time you began to do something for your living, and to learn something more than you have yet learned. I have been long thinking the matter over; I have carefully remarked your disposition, which, until very recently, seemed marked more by cruelty than the common humanity of youth and early innocence; I have not suffered you to go on without a motive, but whether," continued M. Le Blanc, as if speaking alone rather than addressing me, "whether that motive will justify all I have permitted, and what I am about to do, God alone must be my judge."

Then turning to me, he said very solemnly—

"I am about to teach you a lesson, Saul, that you will remember to the last day of your life. One that will be too severe to be forgotten; but one which I trust will comprehend within itself more of the great principles of truth and justice than you would gather from a hundred volumes. It will be terrible to you to suffer, and painful to me to inflict. But even if it be at the risk of life, I will, if possible, strike the roots of justice and humanity so deeply into your soul that the world shall never pluck them out again, nor the sordid interests of life ever induce you to consent to their sacrifice. This you cannot understand at present, nor why I should act in the manner proposed towards you; but when the proper time comes you will find it all out. What time will that be? do you ask. It will be when I—whether I shall have done for you good or evil, will be alike beyond the reach of your thanks as of your indignation My conduct must at present appear incomprehensible to you—it cannot be otherwise. But whatever I do, as my son, obey me! if not, as my *slave* you shall be compelled!"

I thought my father's lips quivered, and his voice certainly fell weak and tremulous as he uttered those dreadful words. He then called forward a slave whom he had previously stationed within hail of us, and, as he approached, M. Le Blanc said to him,

"Now, Thomas, take off this young man's finery, clothe him the same as yourselves, and then lead him into the field to his work. Henceforward he is to be considered as my slave."

On hearing this, and as Thomas began to help off the clothing of the son to substitute that of the abject servant, I cried with mental anguish and horror, and shrieked loudly and repeatedly the name of my mother.

Just as I was re-habited in my new garments of degradation, she appeared amongst us. The tears were streaming down her cheeks, but she said—

"Be at peace, my child, be quiet! It is necessary, it is for your own good, and the good of others. You will not be so forever—only for a while. M. Le Blanc may seem harsh to you now, but he is a good man, and you will live to know it."

This totally unexpected speech only aggravated my distress, for it seemed to say I had not one friend now left, not even in my mother. They conducted me to the fields, and pointed out the work I had to perform. But I was abandoned to despair, and throwing myself on the ground, refused to put my hand to it. Persuasions and even threats were useless, for I fully persuaded myself the whole was only a serious jest. For that day my obstinacy was overlooked, but when we retired from the fields to our huts, at sunset, an intimation was conveyed to me by the overseer that the same indulgence would not be extended towards me on the morrow: and, therefore, I had better prepare myself, with willing compliance, to perform my allotted task. The morrow came, and found me as unwilling and unyielding as before. My father was informed of my perverseness, and he immediately ordered me to receive ten lashes within his own sight. They were inflicted while he stood, like a thoughtful statue, at no great distance apart. I saw that he wept silently as he gazed, but I *would not* weep at all. What a monstrous and inexplicable thing did this appear to me! That a man should sorrow over the punishment he himself inflicted. But I knew not then how deep the human heart may be; as thousands live and die, and never know, even at the grave-side.

His tears, however, made more impression upon me than did the lash. They had a powerful and mysterious influence upon me which I could not account for, unless it was because they were themselves so mysterious and unaccountable.

"Take me back," I said, to the overseer, "let me go into the field! your whip might kill, but it would not overcome me; it is not *that*. I will work for my *father*, but not for my owner."

The overseer smiled, and as he twirled the lash in the air looked at it with a peculiar grimace, as though he would have said to it, "*There is more virtue in thee than thou hast credit for!*" However, I passed this by, apparently unnoticed, and that day did more work than any one about me; and from that time forwards—in this respect—went on well; though day and night, so to speak, my thoughts were busy upon new plans and projects for effecting my escape. Nay, my feelings began eventually to carry me even farther, than this—beyond the mere selfishness of the thing—and to the conception of a plot for the liberation of all the slaves, my unhappy brethren, as I thought them, upon the plantation. I knew, if such a design could be carried into execution, it would prove the ruin of my father: but what then? If a man's prosperity is to be built upon the shattered bodies and souls of his fellow-creatures, the sooner he himself becomes a ruin, the better in the eye of humanity and of God. Thus it was that I *then* thought.

"And would to that same God," exclaimed Mr. Thornton, for the first time interrupting this singular narrative, "would to God that you thought so now!"

"Sentiments," replied Saul, coldly, "change with age, and circumstances, and experience. You will soon hear, Sir, how mine changed in this very same respect very shortly afterwards, merely because of the change that took place in my own position. Such difference does there come between the inflictor and the afflicted, the oppressor and the oppressed! They see with opposite powers of sight, like two men who look through opposite ends of a telescope—the slave magnifies his master to a monster, the master diminishes his inferior to an atom."

"True to the very letter!" exclaimed Thornton; "and as we change from one to the other we feel ourselves enlarged or lessened in proportion."

"Shall I conclude this narrative?" asked Saul, "or does it grow tedious?"

"Pray continue it," replied his hearer, "I am deeply interested."

"The termination was singular," observed the narrator, "whatever the beginning might have been. But let us first renew the bottle."

II. THE SLAVE-OWNER.

Of course I had been taught to read and write long before this time, resumed Saul. I was the only *slave* who could do so, and the means of improvement were by no means withheld from me. But another very remarkable circumstance in this strange affair was, that the greater part of all the books put into my hands by order of M. Le Blanc, were written apparently with an intention to stir up the soul to enlarged and comprehensive views; to induce a hatred of all tyranny, and implant in the heart the love of freedom and independence. Was this done to enhance my misery? They fired me with sentiments which made my present destiny more hateful, and the thought of being a slave less endurable than the bodily misery of it. I pondered upon these tales of heroic action, until liberty became to me the one sole good of the world, and the courage needful to achieve for oneself and others the only true virtue of a man. I read the histories of Hofer and of William Tell, until my eyes were blinded with water; and nothing but giving audible vent to my mingled sensations of sympathy, and exultation, and rage, seemed to keep my heart from bursting. The value of life itself, without liberty, gradually diminished in my estimation, until it became totally lost in the high air of an enthusiasm which is easier felt than expressed in language. At the same time my feelings of pity and benevolence towards all my fellow-sufferers were wrought to the highest pitch. In short, I became to myself a perfect hero—but I was a hero without action, and undistinguished by a single deed of note, or even an attempt to achieve one. Nevertheless, the seed was well sown, and time only seemed necessary to call it forth to light and life. Yet a period of about three years passed over my head in this manner, and without my having in the least been able to fathom the motives by which M. Le Blanc was actuated in pursuing towards me a piece of behaviour so extraordinary. He himself, I was assured, watched me with intense secret interest, though he outwardly held me very much aloof; while my mother, strictly, though with difficulty, abstained from letting fall the least hint by which I might be enabled to conjecture the intent and object of my personal slavery. During that lengthened period, however, I had made use of all opportunities—and they were innumerable—for trying the tempers and testing the inclinations of some fifty, at least, of the most active male slaves on the plantation, respecting a comprehensive project for effecting our escape in a body. My design was to take to the swamps and forests direct; to keep out of the scent of all settlements and locations, and endeavour to reach some free Northern State through the mountains and wildernesses of the West. But I found them at once so stupid and debased, so spiritless, and at the same time, so dreadfully treacherous among themselves, that my only reward was the disappointment and misery of knowing that Slavery must be everlasting, if to slaves be left the task of redemption. In fact, this almost universal disposition among the coloured people to betray one another; this incontinence of a secret, which seems to be bred in their very blood and bones, is in reality, in my opinion, at this very day, the grand safety-valve for the free white population of the Southern States of my native land. But for this, they must be swept away by the physical force of the slaves, which, in reality, is so much greater than their own. But the blacks find it impossible ever to load their cannon without some of the artillery-men telling the world when and where they are likely to be let off. This I have experienced, continued Saul, and to my sorrow found to be too true.

Well, Sir, mortified and indignant, I resolved forthwith to confine my attempt to myself, and, when convenient, to make it alone. This was in the heat of passion, and at the moment; but afterwards the lessons of the books I had read, the examples of that peculiar greatness in men which compels them to consider others rather than themselves, rushed back upon my mind, and shamed me out of an ignoble and solitary attempt at freedom. "Better," they seemed to proclaim aloud, "to fail greatly than to succeed selfishly and with meanness." In a noble moment I formed another resolution to liberate every soul in the shape of slave, man, woman, and child, upon those grounds. This time I carefully concealed the exact object of my design from any one, and merely appointed five young fellows, whom I found most trustworthy, to meet me at an appointed spot about moonrise. That was nigh upon eleven of the clock. My intention was, when we met, to declare the plantation in a state of insurrection; to proceed with them to the house of M. Le Blanc for the purpose of securing him, or, in case of hesitation or non-compliance on their part, to shoot down the objectors, and swim the Mississippi for my own life.

About nine o'clock, however, on the appointed night, M. Le Blanc—who had been confined by illness two days—sent to the hut in which I lived, a message, to the effect that he wanted to see me immediately. "My plot is discovered," thought I, "and I am betrayed!" But my courage did not fail me. I was ready to meet torture and death itself. The determination and self-reliance which possessed me at that moment, I shall never forget. I felt like a voluntary sacrifice for the salvation of my kind. Evasion or disguise I rejected as cowardly and contemptable, and resolved so to bear myself throughout the approaching scene, as should prove that so far from considering myself guilty of any crime, I gloried in my design, and now lived only to regret its failure.

No long time elapsed before I stood in the presence of M. Le Blanc. He was raised partly up on pillows in his bed, and near him sat a stranger, from Orleans, whom I—as it proved, mistakenly—considered to be his physician.

"So, young man," said M. Le Blanc, in a weak voice, "such, I understand, is your dislike of slavery, that you have repeatedly designed to run away."

"I have."

"And all that I said to you on that day when you were first sent into the field, you have forgotten—or you do not believe—which?"

"I could not understand it."

"And therefore doubted it. It would have been better had you doubted your own judgment instead. You consider it right to deprive me of your services forever by running away?"

"I consider it perfectly right to do so."

"Why so?"

"Because, in the first place, you can have no just title to them; and, in the second, they are stolen rights. And what is stolen, can never properly be considered, in any light, as the *property* of the thief. Nobody can *rob* him by taking it back again."

"Of course, you consider every other slave to possess the same right in this respect as yourself?"

"Undoubtedly."

"And that each and all ought to be free?"

"Most assuredly."

"And you see no crime in seducing others of my people away, and thus depriving me of my possessions and inheritance?"

"None. As I said before, the property obtained and retained by violence, may be resumed without crime or robbery."

"And what did you meditate doing to-night? for I have heard of your appointments."

"I would, if possible, have enabled every slave upon the estate to make his escape and become free."

"You would?"

"I would, as I live at this moment."

"And how came such feelings and ideas as these you have recently expressed, to possess you so confidently and firmly?"

"Blessed be God!" I exclaimed, "from knowing that I was myself a slave, and from reading the books which *my father* put into my hands!"

"It is well," ejaculated M. Le Blanc, "it is well! and to-night you shall be at liberty to carry out your enterprise. Pray," said he "hand me a glass of wine, for I must have strength to talk a little while, and my time is ebbing fast. My son!" and he extended his hand for me to clasp, "you have come to the death-bed of your father! The time is now arrived which I foretold you, when you should know all." My father sighed deeply, and I saw that his words were too true—another sun denied to shine on him. A sudden and rapid illness, which in that climate, quickly proves fatal, had seized him, and defied all care and skill. Of this sickness, you will easily conjecture, I had taken advantage for the meditated attempt of that night.

"You *must* think, Saul," he resumed, "that I have acted very strangely towards you. True, in appearance perhaps more than in reality, I have. You shall hear my reasons."

"My father brought me up on this estate, as you have been brought up by your father; though by no means under the same discipline. He gave me a very liberal education, inasmuch that nothing was withheld from me which I chose to read. My library grew from a box into a bookcase, and from a bookcase to a room.

"I early imbibed principles similar to those of which you have so recently boasted, and have so much reason to be proud. Slavery in any and every shape, I abhorred; though I by no means consider it peculiar, as our European brethren represent it, to our own country institutions, or to *a name*. I saw much slavery elsewhere in the name of freedom; and reflected with pain upon the easy deceptions which a good or an ill title may be made the vehicle of imposing upon mankind. The principle of oppression is the principle of slavery, no matter whether it exists under the name of 'free born Englishmen,' or of absolute compulsion upon the bodies of the blacks of Guinea. I frequently spoke with my father upon these subjects of human liberty, and the natural rights of man. We always differed in our views and opinions; sometimes more widely and painfully than father and son should ever differ, if the ever-sacred bonds of relationship and affection are to remain untried and unbroken. Perhaps I need hardly say that my father was a rigid advocate for domestic slavery, and I, if possible, a more rigid opponent of it. I denied it upon every ground, religious, social, and moral. I even opposed it on the score of economy, and demonstrated to my own satisfaction, if not to his, that slave labour was dearer than the labour of free men. He met my statements rather with passion than with argument; and on one sad occasion pronounced me an insurrectionist, and an incendiary; adding, that were the same sentiments as I had expressed, uttered anywhere else in the State of Louisiana, than in *that* house, I should certainly *deserve* to be lynched at once. This terrible judgment, as I then considered it, terrible in its words, as well as in its injustice, roused my passions, and tempted me to declare that, so far did I adhere to my own principles, that the very day on which Providence might call him to his account, and me to succeed him, I would emancipate every slave that trod within his fences. 'Then my will is sealed,' said he, 'you shall not inherit a dollar!' I made no reply to this. The conversation there ended, and it was never again resumed between us to the hour of his death. He is long since gone (added M. Le Blanc) to where the truth is known, the justice judged. Thither I am going also—"

"My father stopped there," observed Saul, "and could not finish his sentence. The strange gentleman, who, I told you, was present, gave him more wine to rally his sinking strength and spirits, after which, he continued:—

"But my father did not make his will away from me, as he had formerly threatened. He left everything he possessed, without any exception, to myself. But it was all hinged on the sole condition that I should not free one single slave. If I did the whole was to pass to other hands, which he had provisionally pointed out. In that case, I, without a profession or the means of subsistence, should have been left totally destitute. My theoretical virtue proved too weak to overcome this barrier. I broke my vow, if such it could be called, and retained the slaves and the estate to this hour. Still my principles remained unchanged. But I saw that something more than a mere mental conviction was required to secure the performance of such a sacrifice as this emancipation must needs be to the man who makes it. That *something more* appeared to me most likely to be added by making the man himself a slave. For it is weakness and inhumanity of human nature to behold with calm indifference that suffering amongst others, not one thousandth fraction of which we ourselves can bear with patience. Hence it was, Saul, that I made a slave of *you*. The suffering has been great for both; for me as well as for you; but let us hope henceforward, you will prove all the better man and the nobler soul for it.

"I felt the injustice of being myself constrained and compelled to act contrary to my own convictions, and consequently determined never to impose such an oppressive regulation upon another. The circumstances of your birth, and the discretional power which the law left me as your father and owner, presented me with other means to the same end, and through your own personal feelings I sought to compass that end. Your sentiments and your projected attempts at escape, prove that the object I had in view is gained. It is easy and pleasant to be a slave-owner, but intolerable to be oneself a slave. Individual experience of misery will best stimulate a fellow-feeling for the miserable, and enlarge the circle of charity and sympathy for all who suffer like ourselves. You will soon be at liberty, my son, to carry all your plans of benevolence and humanity into effect, without secrecy, and without what the law designates as crime. And now, Monsieur Freret, (added my father, addressing the strange gentleman present,) will you, my friend, discharge your portion of this duty to the youth, and I shall rest satisfied?"

M. Freret then proceeded to inform me that the credentials of my own freedom were already lodged in proper hands in the city, and that my father, finding himself in imminent danger, had made his will, and appointed me heir to the whole estate, without condition or restriction of any kind.

"I leave the rest, Saul," interrupted M. Le Blanc, "to the stern lessons you have learned, and to your own integrity."

This unexpected scene, and strange reverse, astonished and confounded me. I had not words to express my sensations; but fell upon the bed overcome with amazement and emotion.

"What hour," asked my father, in a sinking voice, "were you to liberate the slaves?"

"At moonrise—at eleven," I sobbed.

"And what time is it now?"

"Gone ten," said M. Freret.

"There will be time," gasped my father, "keep your appointment, Saul. They will then be *your own*. Make them free—free, even as——" My father seemed that moment to die. But soon afterwards we distinctly heard a voice again—changed in its tone, but still my father's, though his features were rigid and his lips motionless—we heard a voice again in the room, solemnly repeat the words—"*Make them free, even as I now am!*"

I rushed from the room in terror, and M. Freret followed me, scarcely less alarmed. Neither of us could believe it was the body that spoke.

When we grew more assured, and returned to the chamber, the rigidity of the face had departed, the eyes were wide open and bright, and a smile of calmness and peace, such as I never saw in life, was settled upon my father's countenance. But he was dead as a stone.

And now, *I* was master! I, who had expected the torture of a faithless slave, had found instead, freedom, dignity, and wealth, and all so suddenly, so dream-like! I knew not what first to think of, or what to do. My faculties were half overwhelmed, and I laughed and cried by fits. The thought of my mother flashed across my mind, and I flew to her apartment. I told her all, and how my father died.

"He was a man," she said, "whose goodness was only made known at the last, when his humility might escape our mortal thanks."

A ray of light fell through the window on my face. The moon had risen! Then the time-bell struck—it was eleven! I rushed from the house, and speeded rapdily towards a wood which had been appointed for the rendezvous of the slaves. Prosperity had already made me late!

Here Saul paused during the space of a minute or two, as though gathering up his thoughts, and framing new language for what followed.

III. THE CASE IS ALTERED.

And now, Mr. Thornton, resumed Saul, what does your insight of man's character lead you to think I did? But let me remark first, though, perhaps, you already know it, that avarice is the dominant passion of my life; I felt it glow within me first that night, when to possess and to adore my possessions, seemed almost one and the same thing. It might be as if a demon had entered my body and wholly possessed me, so changed was I within those mortal hours. Under the shadow of the pomegranate trees I saw my five trustworthy fellows. They were worth two thousand five hundred dollars, those fellows! "Slaves," said I, "nothing can be done. Return to your huts peaceably and quietly. To-morrow you will know more." I then dismissed them as they had come. *They were my own now!* You appreciate the difference, Sir, by this time, between giving away one's own, and disposing of other people's property.

It was the recollection of this, Mr. Thornton, that made me say awhile ago, how circumstances alter sentiments, and how our own individual position colours almost everything we think and do. This conduct certainly looks very much like what the world calls treason to my own avowed principles, and treachery to the accomplices I had engaged. But the man who would condemn me must be placed exactly as I then was placed, before he could make me believe that he would not have done the same thing.

The first act of my new power was to emancipate my mother, which was done on the following morning. The second—for which I shall be condemned, but I do not care—was, on the same day, to send my five slaves, or fellow-conspirators of the night before, direct to New Orleans, to be sold by auction. I did not like to meet their faces on the plantation; and, another thing, I could not very well trust them. They brought me very nearly three thousand dollars. I paid my father's debts, and gathered in what was owing to him; but never did that humane deed, in the certain performance of which he died believing. The philosophy of the heart is beautiful in boys and young enthusiasts, though it is too refractory a material to be squared and dove-tailed with the interests of life and the world.

But were I to pursue my whole career after this fashion, continued Saul, in a livelier tone, I should talk through a volume. The remaining portion must be summed up briefly.

When all things were restored to order on the plantation, I purchased a large house on the upper part of Camp-street, in Orleans, and, along with my mother, passed the greater part of my time in the city. The slave-mark, however, stuck to both of us notwithstanding. In that place of distinctions and of breeds, we found it impossible to form high acquaintance, or to make friends in our own rank of life. Money, Sir, will not there, as in this more mammon-devoted country, purchase a man's way any-where, or buy him distinction. Thanks to the devil who directs the English people so much better! Well, Sir, I was one night openly insulted at one of the principal hotels—St. Charles's, it was, I remember. A dispute in which I was engaged took place, and a fellow-planter called me "slave." I challenged him upon the spot. He accepted it, and with a few friends we went out to a clear spot of ground near the swamps, and fought with swords. My French father had instructed me in the use of that weapon. I ran my antagonist clear through the heart, without receiving a wound in return. We went back to the hotel and drank brandy as though nothing had happened. On my return home about midnight, a man stabbed me with a dirk when close to my own door. I fell as if for dead, and he ran away. We both escaped, I death, and he detection. On my recovery, I resolved to sell my plantation and embark in the shipping interest—and being acquainted with a merchant in whom I had great confidence, I joined him in an extensive speculation of many vessels. Whether he cheated me, or my own ignorance made me a victim, I know not; but in three years I lost nearly all my money. I parted the remnant between my mother and myself, and with my own portion fitted out a schooner for the West Indies. In that bottom the whole and last of my all was embarked. I hired a skilful captain and seaman, and went to sea with her myself. Within two days' sail of Jamaica she took fire, and burned so rapidly, that half of us but just escaped with our lives on board a British ship bound for Kingston. Here was I, then, as poor again as the slave I had been, and much more helpless. I resolved never to return again to my native place, and before being on the soil of Jamaica a month, I was glad to accept the office—for I was no sailor—of cook, on board an English merchantman bound for London. On arriving in the Thames I was discharged. With nothing to do, in a strange place, a foreigner besides, I should inevitably have starved, but for a belt of Spanish dollars, which I had worn round my body, day and night, ever since leaving the Mississippi.

I took lodgings with an old waterman and his wife, under this ident